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Antiente Epitaphes.

man com & se holk schal alle dre le: wen volk comes bad & bare
noth hab ven ve allway fare: **ALL** ys oer mes y^t ve for care:
Bot y^t ve do for godys luf ve haue nothyng vare. Houndyr
vis graue lys **John** ye smyth god yif hit coude heuen grit.

Antiente Epitaphes

(From A. D. 1250 to A. D. 1800)

Collected & sett forth in Chronologicall order

BY

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"I will offer vnto your view a number of choice Epitaphes of your Nation for matter and conceit, some good, some bad, that you may see how Learning ebbed and flowed."—*Remaines concerning Britaine*, by WM. CAMDEN, 1636.

THE Epitaphs set forth on the following pages have been collected from many and various sources during the last five and twenty years.

Those which were formerly in the old City Churches are taken, of course, from *Weever* and *Stow*,¹ in whose volumes they happily were enshrined previous to the destruction of the originals in the Great Fire.

A very large number I have myself copied from tablets, headstones, and brasses; many have been sent me by friends; others I have found in various County histories, and in the earlier series of "Notes and Queries," &c. &c.

They are here arranged chronologically, with a view to shew, in some degree, the styles which prevailed at different periods.

The frontispiece is a reduced *fac-simile* of the earliest epitaph in English.

PEWSEY RECTORY, WILTS.

1878.

¹ ANTIENT FUNERAL MONUMENTS, by JOHN WEEVER. LONDON, 1631. The SURVEY of LONDON written in the yeere 1598 by JOHN STOW, & since then continued & much enlarged. LONDON, 1618.

Corrigenda et Notanda.

- Page 17. *John Reed.* The earlier portion of this inscription is lost.
- " 36. The name *Henry Dyppforde* should be prefixed to the *Berry-Pomeroy* epitaph.
- " 39. *William Kerwin.* The eccentric arrangement of the lines is the same as on the tablet.
- " 53. *Jane Gee.* For *bookes* read *hookes*. See Appendix for the Latin version.
- " 66. — *Meredeth.* The fifth and sixth lines should read thus :
 "Death, finding him receaving Customes, lookes
 Tyme's records, fymde his days, and cross'd the bookes."
- " " For *Somerset* read *Gloucestershire*.
- " 71. The *Fortescue Monument* is put at too early a date, 1650 is more probable.
 Hugo Fortescue, who erected it, did not die till 1661.
- " 80. *Rev. J. Dicks.* A comma should be inserted in the first line, after *optima*.
- " 86. *Rev. J. Fletcher.* In first line insert the word *hic* after *simul*.
- " 110. *Elizabeth Prince.* In first line, for *Klpyov* read *Kplyov*.
- " 124. For *Thomas* read *Laurence Cole*.
- " 129. For *S. Mullyon* read *Mullyon*.
- " 146. For *J. Aske* read *Aske*.
- " 150. *Mr. R. Tully.* For 1725 read 1675.

The Compiler of this Volume will be grateful to any who will send him corrections or additions for insertion in a second and improved edition, should such ever be called for.

ANTIENŒ EPITAPHES.

c. 1250. Gundrada, Daughter of William the Conqueror, Foundress of S. Pancras, Lewes.

STIRPS . GUNDRADA . DVCV̄ . DEC̄ . EVI . NOBILE . GERMEN :
 INTVLIT . ECCLESIIIS . ANGLORV̄ . BALSAMA . MORV̄ :
 MARTIR
 [MARTHA . F]VIT . MISERIS . FVIT . EX . PIETATE . MARIA .
 PARS . OBIIT . MARTHE : SVPEST̄ . PARS . MAGNA . MARIE .
 O . PIE . PANCRAŒI . TESTIS . PIETATIS . ET . EQUI .
 TE . FACIT . HEREDĒ : TV . CLEMENS . SVSCIBE . MATREM :
 SEXTA . KALENDARV̄ . JVNII . LVX . OBVIA . CARNIS .
 IFREGIT . ALABAŒRV̄

Now at Southover, Sussex.

[*The lower end of the stone Coffin-lid is broken off. Gundrada died A.D. 1085, but Mr. Boutell considers the Coffin to be not earlier than 1250.*]



1261. Ela, Abbess of Lacock.

INFRA . SVNT . DEFOSSA	ELE . VENERABILIS . OSSA
QUE . DEDIT . HAS . SEDES	SACRAS . MONIALIBVS . EDES .
ABBATISSA . QVIDEM .	QVE . SANCTI . VIXIT . IBIDEM
ET . COMITISSA . SARVM .	VIRTVTVM . PLENA . BONARVM

Lacock Abbey, Wilts.



c. 1280. *Sir John de Frevile.*

† Ici . gist . sire . Johan . de . Friuile . qī . fust . seignior .
de . ceste . vile . vous . qe . par . ici . passet . par . charite .
pur . l'alme . priet .

Little Shelford, Camb.



c. 1310. *Maud de Mortimer.*

Mahaud de Mortimer gist ici
Jesu pour sa grande pite e misericorde
de sa alme ept mercy.

Tilley, Essex.



1320. *Dame Joan de Cobham.*

† Dame : Joane : de : Kobeham : gist : isi : Deus : de :
sa : alme : eit : merci : kike : pbr : le : alme : priera :
qbarabnte : jours : de : pardohn : abera .

Cobham, Kent.



1337. *Laurence de St. Maur, Rector.*

Susciplat te Christus qui vocauit te
et in sinu Abrahe
angeli dedbeat te.

Higham Ferrars, Northants.



c. 1340. *William la St. John.*

† Soutz . ceste . pere . lettere . ob . laton . gist . Will'm .
la . Seint . John . de . ramm . esbbry . persone . et . fer .
pore . sa . alme . prier . orason . qarant . iours . assbron .
de . p'don .

Ramsbury, Wilts.



1376. *Edward the Black Prince.* (The verses composed by himself.)

Cy gist le noble prince monf Edward aînéz filz du trefnoble
Roy Edward tiers iadis Prince daquitaine & de Gales
duc de Cornewaille et Counte de Cestre qi morust en la
feste de la Trinite qestoît le viij iour de junn lan de grace mil
troiscens septante sifine lalme de qi dieu eit mercy. Amen.

Tu qi passez oue bouche close :
Par la ou ce corps repole :
Entent ce qe te dirai :
Sicome te dire le say :
Tiel come tu es ie autiel fu :
Tu serras tiel come ie su :
De la mort ne pensai ie mpe :
Tantcome iauoi la bie :
En tre auoi gnd richesse :
Dont ie y fis gnd noblesse :
Terre melons & gnd tresor :
Draps chibaur argent & or :
Mes ore fu ico poures & chetifs :
Per fond en la tre gis.
Ma gnd beaute est tout alee :
Ma char est tout gastee :
Moult est estroit ma melon
en moy na sy berite non :
Et si ore me beifflez :
Je ne quide pas qe bous deifflez :
Qe ie eusse onques home este :
si su ie ore de tant changee :
Pur dieu priez au celestien Roy,
qe mercy ait de larme de moy :
Tous ceulx qe pur moy prieront,
ou a dieu macorderont :
Dieu les mette en son paray :
ou nul ne poet estre chetifs.

Canterbury Cathedral.

[From a rubbing.]



1370. *John ye Smith.*

Man com & se how schal alle dede be : wen yow comes bad & bare :
 Noth hab ben be away fare : all ys werines y^t be for care :
 Bot y^t be do for godys luf we haue nothpyng pare. Hundyr
 Dis graue lys John ye smyth. God zif hys soule heuen grit.

Brightwell-Baldwin, Oxon.

[*The earliest Epitaph in English.*]

1393. *Sir Thomas Walsch.*

Here lyes Thomas Walsch Rynghyt, lorde of Anlep, & dame
 Kat'ine hys wyfe, whiche in her tyme made the Kirke of
 Anlep and halud the kirkpard first in wurchup of God &
 oure Ladye & seynt Nicholas. That God haue ther sowles
 and mercy.

Wanlep, Leic.

1398. *John Bettesthorne.*

Hic jacet Johannes Bettesthorne quondā dñs de Chadewyche
 fundator istius cantarie qui obiit vi die Februarii Anno dñi
 M^o CCC r^o Cbiij, litera dñical' E. Cui' aīe p'priet' deus. Amē.

Tu qui trāsieris, bīdeas sta p̄lege plora
 Es qđ eram et eris qđ sū p' me precor ora.

Mere, Wilts.

[*This inscription is remarkable as containing the Dominical letter for the year of decease, and in the original is reversed, "ciij tetaj," &c.*

English versions of the lines are found down to a very late period, if indeed they are not sometimes set up in country parishes at the present date.]



1407. *Thomas Palmer.*

Palmers all our faders were
 I a Palmer liupd here
 And trabyld sore till worn w^t age
 I ended thys worlde's pylgramage
 On y^e blyste Assention dape
 In y^e cherful moneth of maye
 On thobsande w^t foure hundrede seuen
 And tooke my iorneye hense to heuen.

Formerly at Snodland, Kent.



1410.

Ecc' q^od expēdi habbi
 Q^od donauī habeo
 Q^od negauī pbnior
 Q^od seruauī p'didi

To al y^t eu' I spēt y^t sū tme had I
 Al y^t I gaf ī g^od etet y^t nōw haue I
 N^t I nepu' gaf ne lēt y^t nōw abie I
 N^t I kepe' til I wēt y^t lost I.

Formerly, under the effigy of a priest, at S. Peter's, S. Alban's.

Versions of the above occur not unfrequently, e.g., Robert Byrket, 1579; William Lambe, 1540; John Orgen, 1591; Edward Courtenay, 1419, &c.

[The same in modern spelling, and without the contractions.]

Ecce quod expendi habui:
 Quod donavi habeo:
 Quod negavi punior:
 Quod serbavi perdidit.

To, all that euer I spent, that sometime had I:
 All that I gave in good intent, that now have I:
 That I never gave nor lent, that now abie I:
 That I kept till I went, that lost I.

In "Notes and Queries," 1st Series, No. 276, is given the following Scotch version.

It that I gife, I haif:
 It that I lent, I craif:
 It that I spent, is mine:
 It that I left, I tyne.]



c. 1412. *Thomas Knowles.*

Here lyth graupn bndyr p^e ston
 Thomas Knowlps both flesh and bon
 Grocer and Alderman peres fortpe
 Sheriff & twis Maior trulpy¹
 And for he sholde not ly alon
 Here lyth wpth hym hys good wyff kone:
 They weren together sixty yere.
 And nygetene chyl dren they had in feer.
 Now ben they gon, wee them misse:
 Christ haue ther sowlps to heuen' blisse. Amen.

S. Antholin's.

¹ *Viz., in the 1st and 12th years of Henry IV.*1414. *John Oundeley, Rector.*

Miserere miserator quia bere sbm peccator.
 Vnde precor licet rebs, miserere mei Debs.

Flamsted, Herts.

1416. *Richard More.*

Subiacet ecce pede Ricardus Morus, in eade
 Rene, qui discretus fuit ampla pace quietus.
 Et quater et mille, quater et bis sex obit ille,
 Ubiq' septa ter fuit, sit hujus sibi mater;
 Fecit plura loco, bona sunt suffragia pro quo.
 Post Christiana sua vita subit ad relaxamen
 Quos Manus alma tua saluet, precor, O Debs. Amen.

South Moreton, Berks.

1416. *Richard Skypwith.*

In y^e yere of Cryst on thousand four hundred ful trewe with
 four and sixteen
 A Richard Skypwith, Gentilman in byrthe, late felowe of
 Newe Kene,

In my age twenti on, my soule partyd from y^e bodye in Aggust
y^e xbi dape

And now I lye here abydyng Gods mercy bndir ys ston in clay
Despyng yow y^e ys sal see, unto y^e Maydene pray ffor mee

W^h bare bothe God and man

Lyke as y^e wold y^e oder forr ye sholde

W^han ye ne may ne can.

S. Peter's, S. Alban's.



1419. *Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon.*

Hoe, hoe, who lyes here

I y^e goode Erle of Debonshire

With flaud my Wylf to mee ful deere

We lyued togeather fyfty fyue yere.

What wee gaue we haue,

What wee spent wee hadde:

What wee lefte that wee loste.

Formerly at Tiverton, Devon.



1420. *Robert Poyntz.*

Here lyeth Robert Poyntz lord of ironacton And this stepul
here makyd who deyde the fiftene dape of Junne, the yere of
our Lorde mcccc of whose soule God haue mercy. Amen.

Iron-Acton, Glouc.



c. 1420. *Alice Thorndon.*

O cryst thu pyte and mercy haue

On alys brunham that whylom was the wylf

Of gyls thorndon whych her' y graue

And her deffende fro werre off fendys stryf

Makke her partable of eternal lyf

By the meryt of thy passion

Whych wyth thy blood madyst our redepcion.

Frettenham, Norfolk.



1424. *John Micolt.*

Es testis Christe quod non iacet hic lapis iste
 Corpus ut ornatur, sed Spiritum ut memoretur.
 Deus tu qui transis, magnus, medius, puer an sis,
 Pro me funde preces quia sic mihi benie spes.

S. Martin's, Vintry.

[*A frequent form.*]

1425. *William Chichele, Sheriff and Alderman of London; and Beatrice his Wife.*

† Such as ye be . such wer we.
 Such as we be . such shal ye be.
 Verneth to deye . that is the laue
 That this lif . now to wol draue.
 Sorwe or gladnesse . nought letten age.
 But on he cometh . to lord and page.
 Wherfor for us . that ben goo.
 Prepeth as other . shal for you doo.
 That God of his benigunte
 On vs haue mercy & pite
 And nought rememb' our wykednesse
 Sith he vs bought of his goodnesse. Ame.

Higham-Ferrars, Northants.

1429. *John Horsepoole.*

O bone Protector anime, miserere Johannis
 Horsepoole, qui Rector Auerham fuit eius in annis.
 Cancellarie fuerat viuendo Magister,
 Sis sibi fons benie cuius fuit ipse Magister.
 Morte die Decimo nono Iunij ruit anno,
 M C quater nono sociato bis sibi deno.

S. Dunstan's-in-the-West.



c. 1430. *Harry Hawles.*

Heer is ybbried vnder this graue
Harry Hawles hys sable God saue
Longe tyme Steward of y^e yle of Wyghte
Haue my on hym God fbl of myghte.

Arreton, Isle of Wight.



1435. *Richard Adane & Maryon his Wife.*

Her' lyth y^e bones of Rycharde Adane & Maryon his wyff
God graunt ther soules euerlasting lyff
The which Rycharde dyed
In y^e yere of our Lord M^oCCCC^o . . .
The which Rycharde Adane as I yow say
Leyd yys ston be hys lyff day:
The yer' of our lord was yan truly
M^oCCCC^o fybe & thrytty.
Man yt behobeth ofte to haue in mynde
That yow geuest w^t yyn honde yat shalt yow fynde,
for women ben slowfull & chyl dren bey vnkynde
Executors bey couctous & kepe all y^e yey fynde:
for our hope soules vnto y^e Trynyte
Segeth a Paternoster for charite.

Kelshall, Herts.



1437. *John Spycer.*

I prey yow all for charite
Wertily that ye pray for me
To oure lord that sytteth on hye
ful of grace & of merce
The wichehode Soler in this chirche
vpon my cost y dede do wirche
wt a labmpe brenynge bright
to worschip God bove dave & nyght
And a gabulwpyndow dede do make
in helthe of soule & for crist' sake

Now Ihu that dydyst on a tre
 On vs haue merce & pite.
 Marye moder mayde clere haue m'cy on me jon spycer
 And on me Alys his wyff, Ladye for thi joyes fybe.

Burford, Oxon.



1440.

Erth my bodye I giue to the
 On my soule Ihu haue pite.

Great Ormsby, Norfolk.



c. 1445. *Richard Wood & Joan his Wife.*

Farwel you world, I tak leue for euer,
 I am cityd to appere I [know] not wher.
 Den al yis world yis tyme had I leuer
 A litl spase to mak a sith for fere
 of my trespass, broken is for sorowe
 My herte, now be that sal not be to-morrowe.

Farwel frendys, y^e tyd biddenh noe man
 I am tak' fro hens—& soe sal ye.
 But to what passage, tel yow I ne can:
 Ye y^e be liuing may pray whyl ye be.
 Nakyd I goe, nakyd hider we cam,
 Prey ye for mee, requiem eternam.

Maldon, Middlesex.



1445. *Richard Mansfield.*

Here lythe Rycharde y^e sone and y^e Eyer
 of Robard Mansfield Squyer & Katerpne his wyfe
 wyth Isabelle hys Suster bothe yonge & lepre:
 That at xix. yer of age he lefte hys lyfe
 With yong John his brother be the seconde wyfe:

The peer ful complete of cristis incarnacyon
 Rycharde . dyde . y^e . vij . daye . of . aprill . M.CCCC.iiij . & . v.
 God reward ther' soulys wy^t eternall saluacyon.

Jhu heben Ryunge . graunte vs grace.
 In heben to haue a place
 And y^e Trinite graunte vs ther' to be.

Taplow, Bucks.



1446. *John Marshall, Canon.*

Vt Rosa pallescit, cum sole sentit abesse;
 Sic homo banescit, nunc est, nunc desinit esse.

Lincoln Cathedral.



1447. *William Read. "Civis et piscenarius."*

Who y^e passyth by y^e waie
 for mercy of God, behold and prae
 for all soules cristen & for vs
 On Paternoster and an Ave
 to y^e blessyd Saynts & ovr blessyd Ladye
 Seynt Mary to pray for us.

Qui pro aliis orat,
 pro se laborat.

S. Nicholas Olave.



1450. *Robert & Christine Savage.*

Here lythe grauen vnder thys stoon:
 ryne Sauage both fleshe and boon.
 Rob't hysre sone was person heere,
 moore than xxiij yere.
 Cryst godys sone born of a mayde:
 that owt of y^e world ben passed vs fro:
 gaunte thy m'cy and to vs also. Amen.

Busshhead, Suffex.



1459. *Richard Bontfant.*

Prey ye for y^e soule in wey of cherite
 of Richard Bontfant late mercer of London.
 For the Brethren & sisters of y^e fraternite.
 Owner of y^e plas callyd Castle of y^e Stow:
 Remembyr hym y^e ys leyd vnder ston.
 For hys sowl & al cristen to prey
 to y^e mercifull Ihesu, a Vater noster anon,
 an Abe to hys Moder, & mak no deley.
 In March whyche decessyd the xix day.
 In y^e yer of our Lorde God, who kepe hym fro' pyne,
 A thowsande fowre hundred fyftye & nyne.

Stone, Kent.

1460. *John Burton.*

John Burton lyeth vnder here,
 Sometimes of London Citizen & Mercer:
 And Ienet his wife, with their progenie,
 Beene thorned to earth, as ye may see.

Frendes free, what so ye bee,
 Prey for vs, we you prey:
 As you see vs in this degree,
 So schal ye be another day.

S. Michael-Bassishaw.

1463. *John Baret.*

He that will sadly behold me with hys ie }
 Make see his owne merowr and lerne to die. } BARET

Wrappid in a schete as a ful reuolie brette,
 No mor of al my mynde to meward wil stretche.
 From erthe I kam, and on to erthe I am brought,
 This is my natur: for of erthe I was wrought.
 Thus erthe on to erthe tendeth to knet.
 So endyth eche cature: doeth John Baret.

Wherfor ye pepil in waye of cheryte
 With your gode praiers & praye ye helpe me.
 For soch as I am: right soe shalle ye al bi.
 Now God on my soule haue merci and pite. amen.

S. Mary's, Bury S. Edmund's.



1468. *Thomas Hill.*

Mons in valle jacet: quem tu deus erige rursum,
 Ut valeat montem Christum perfingere sursum.

New College, Oxford.



1469. *Robert Dalusse.*

As flowrs in feeld thus passyth lyfe
 Rakyd the' clothd, feble in the ende:
 D^r sheweth by Robert Dalusse & Alison hys wyf
 Chryste yem saue fro' the powr of y^e fiende.

S. Martin, Vintry.



1470. *Laurence Bartlot.*

Jesu anime famuli tui Laurentii Bartlot, nuper
 Registrarii Episcop: Lincoln. Qui obiit die . . . Octobris
 Anno m^occcc^olxx^o, Dona requiem &c.

Quisquis ades vultumque bides, sta, perlege, plora,
 Indicii memor esto mei, tua nam venit hora.
 Sum quod eris, fueramque quod es, tua posteriora
 Commemorans, miseris miserans, pro me precor, ora.

S. Dunstan's-in-the-West.



1472. *John Gyse.*

Hic Jacet Johannes Gyse et Alicia uxor ejus, qui quidem Johannes feliciter obiit in communione omnium animarum, a^o dñi millesimo cccclxxii quorum animabus propicietur Deus. Amen.

Elmore, Glouc.

1475. *Sir John Smith.*

Here lieth y^e body of Sir John Smyth sūtyme Maist' of this place. A good hobseholder, a fyne man, large in almys, he did worship to alle hys kynne, all y^e felbssship was y^e mercyer y^e Sir John Smyth was inne. & p^{ay} to God haue mercy on hys soule & alle Cristen. he passid to God y^e xj^o day of Noueber in y^e yere of Grace A M^oCCCC lxxv. Ffor charite say a Pat'nos' Abe.

Gt. Ilford, Essex.



c. 1485.

Farewel my frendes, the tyde abideth no man,
 & am departed from hense and soe shal ye,
 Bbt in this passage the best songe that I can
 Is requiem eternam: now Jhesu graunte it me,
 Whan I haue ended all myn aduersitie,
 Graunte me in paradise to haue a mansion
 That shed thy blode ffor my redempcion.

Northleach, Glouc.

Also, with slight difference, at Royston and Baldstock, Herts; Maldon and Romford, Essex; S. Martin's, Ludgate; and S. Michael's, Crooked Lane.

1486. *Margaret Cantelow.*

Celestial Princess thow blessyd Vergin Marie
 Thy serbant Margret Cantelow call to remembrance,
 And prey to thy dere Sonne y^e bbell of all mercie
 To pardone hir trespase & fautes of ignorance

Which to Hen: Cantelowe was Wyffe withouten barypounce,
And dowhtyr also to Nicholas Allwyn
Mercer of London, God shelde them all fro' synne.
Ye sayd Margret dyed ye 6 day of Marcii A^o mccccxxvj.

Streatham, Surrey.



c. 1500. *Richard Nordell.*

Richard Nordell lyth bbryd heer
Sumtyme of London citizen and Drapiere
And Marjerie hys wyl, of her progenie
Retbrayd to erthe, and so schal ye.
Of the erth wee wer made & formed
And to ye erth we bin returned.
Haue yis in mynde & memorie,
Ye ye liuen lerneth to dy.
And beholdeth here your destine,
Such as ye erne sumtyme weren wee.
Ye schal be dyght in yis aray,
We yee nere so stobt and gay.

Therfor frendys we polw prey
Make polw redy for to dye
Ye ye be not forr sinne attempnt
At ye dave of Judgment.

Man the behobeth oft to haue yis in mynd
Ye thow geucth wyth thin hond ye shal thow fynd
For wydowes be sloful & chyl dren beth unkynd
Executors be couetous and kep al ye they fynd
If eny body ask wher ye deddys goodys becam

Deu. ansqueare

So God helpe and halidom, he dyed a pore man.
pink

on yis.

S. Edmund, Lombard St.



c. 1500. Elizabeth, Lady Scalys.

Here resteth y^e body of elizabeth y^e wyf of thos y^e lord scalys
 y^e worthy,
 Awylū y^e dowt' of y^e nobyl lord hardolf ī hys dapes ryt
 dowghyt,
 To whose soule Hū sende y^e droppes of y^t plenteuous mercy
 So y^t aftyr his owtlawry sche abyde with' y^e holy in y^t p'petuel
 glory.

Halvergate, Norfolk.*c. 1500. Katherine Huddesfeld.*

Conditor & redeptor corporis & anime
 Sit michi medicus & custos utriusq'
 Dame Kateryn y^e wyfe of s^r wilhā hud
 dessfeld & doughter of s^r phil courtenay knyht.

Shillingford, Devon.*c. 1500. John & Joan Cressy.*

On lyue when we wer God sent vs spase
 To pink on him and of his grete Grase
 For as we be both body and fase
 So both mor and less must be in lik case,
 In piteous aray as now yow see,
 It is no nay, so sal ye be.

Hour self mak mon, or ye bin gon, and prey for vs,
 Without deley, past is y^e dey, we may not prey for yow; its thys,
 Whylst yat yow meyn, bope nyght & dey, looke yat yow prey
 Jesu of grase,

When ye bin gon, help is ther non, wherfor pink on
 Whyl ye hab spase.

Waltham Abbey.

1501. *Richard Wenman.*

Man in what state that euer thow be
 Timor Mortis shulde truble the
 for when thow leest wenyst
 beniet te
 Mors superare
 And soe thy graue grewys
 Ergo mortis memoratē.

Luton, Beds.

[Also at Witney, Oxon, and Northleach, Glouc.]



1502. *Agnes Halke.*

In pis chyrcheperd was soe hir chabnce
 First after y^e haloweinge of y^e same
 Afore alle others to begynne y^e dans
 Wh^o to alle creturs is y^e lothe game.

S. Alphege, Canterbury.



1503. *John Reed.*

* * * * *
 They for man when y^e wind blows
 Make the mill grind:
 And euer thyn owne soule
 Haue thow yn minde
 That thow giuest wth thy honde
 That thow shalte finde
 And y^e thow leys thy Executors
 Comys far behind.
 Do for poure owne selfe
 Whilk ye haue space
 To pray ihu of m^y grace
 In heuen to haue a place.

Wrangle, Linc.



1503.

Domine in benia tua semper sperabimus
 Nunc XPC te petimus, miserere quesumus:
 Qui venisti redimere nos, noli damnare redemptos.

Slaugham, Suffex.



c. 1510. *Christopher Urswyk.*

Orate pro animabus Regis Henrici viii^m et Cristoferi Urswyk
 quondam eius Eleemosinarii magni et istius Collegii Decani.
 † Ave Maria, &c. Et Benedicta sit sanctissima tua Mater
 Anna, ex qua sine macula processit tua purissima Caro Virginea.
 Amen. † Deus qui per Unigenitum tuum, ex utero Virginis
 incarnatum, ac morte passum, genus humanum redimisti, eripias
 quaesumus animas Henrici viii^m ac Cristoferi, necnon omnium
 eorum, quos ipse Cristoferus, dum vixit, offendit, ab eterna
 morte, atq' ad eternam vitam perducas, per X^m Dominum
 nostrum. Amen.

S. George's, Windsor.

[This is interesting, as clearly stating the recently defined dogma of the "Immaculate Conception."]



1510. *Richard Bewfforeste, Abbat.*

Here lyeth sir Richard Bewfforeste
 Pray Jhu geue hys soule good reste.

Dorchester, Oxon.



1511. *Robert Fabian.*

Lyke as the dape hys course doth consume
 And the new morowe springyth agayne as faste
 So man and wuman by nature's custome

Thys lyff to passe, at last in erth are caste,
In ioy and sorowe, w^b heer theyr tyme doe waste
Neuer in on state, but in coorse transitorie
Soe ful of chaunge is of this worlde p^e glorie.

S. Michael, Cornhill.



1514. *William Goldwyre.*

Mary Moder, Mayden clere,
Pray for me William Goldwyre,
And for me Isabel his wyf,
Ladye, for thy Joyes tye.
Hab mercy on Christian his second wyf,
Swete Ihesu for thy woundys tye.

Coggeshall, Essex.



1515. *Catherine Sewell.*

Pray for p^e soule of Catherine Sewell late p^e wife of Thomas
Sewell, which decesed the viij daye of Ianuary, the yere of
our Lord, mdcv. on whose soule Ihu haue mercy.

Bisley, Glouc.

A common form at this period.



1516. *Thomas Burgoyne.*

Of your charite pray ffor the sowles of Thos Burgoyne and
Elizabeth hys wyfe: whiche Thos decessyd p^e ix day of August
the yer of our Lorde God a thousand fybe hundred and
sixteen. On whose soules and all cristen soules Ihu haue
mercy. Amen.

Luton, Beds.



1520. *Edward Cornwallis.*

Orate pro animabus Edwardi Cornwalleis & Elizabeth uxoris
sue, qui quidem Edwardus obiit iij die Septembris M D. xx.
cuius anime propicietur Deus. Amen.

Credidi.

Redemptor meus vivit

In nobissimo die super terram stabit

In carne mea videbo Deum saluatorem.

1523. *Walter Garden.*

Here lyeth Walter Garden come out of the west

God geu to y^e soule of hym good reste.

I pray you neighbours euerich on

Prep for mee for I am gon.

Who dyed 26 Aprill. 1523.

S. Margaret's, Westminster.

1526. *Robert Trappis, Goldsmith.*

When the bels be merelie rounge

And the Masse be deuoutelie sounge

And the mate merelie eaten

Then sal Robert Trappis hys wyffe and his children be
forgotten.

Wherfor for Iesu that of Mary spronge

Set thir soulys thi Seynts among

Though it be undesirbyd on ther syde

Yet good Lorde let them euermor thy mercy abyde.

And of your cheryte

For thir soulys sake a paternoster and an aue.

S. Leonard, Foster Lane.

c. 1529. *Anne Flint.*

Of mistrys Anne Flints soble Iesu mercy haue

Whych was y^e dowtre of William London

Whos body died, & was berped her in pis graue

De ri dey of iur, by recobrse & compbtatyon
XV.C. and xix per of our Lordys incarnatyon,
And to all yem pat for her thys doe prey,
Jesu grabnte yem heuyn at ther dethys dey.

S. Peter's, Norwich.



c. 1530. *Thomas Grey.*

What can myght powr or aunçyet bloode abyll:
Or els ryches that men colwnte felicite:
What can they helpe ferful deth to assayll:
Certes nothinge and that is probyd by mee:
That had thos giftis rehersed w^t all plente:
Neuerthelesse yet am I leyd lowe in clay:
That whilom was Squyer called Thos Grey.

Benet my Wyf eke is fro this world past:
Yet we trest to be had in memory:
As long as the paryshe of Coople shall last:
Ffor our benefitis don to it largely:
As witnesse y^r^t pownd w^t other giftis many:
Wherfor alle cristen men that goo by this way:
Pray for y^e soblis of Benet and Thos Gray.

Cople, Beds.



1530. *Andrew Benefede, Vicar.*

Hic chorus indecorus fuerat, nunc balde decorus:
Andreas is sum qui decorauit eum.

Herne, Kent.



1533. *Richard Colwell.*

Whoso hym bethoft inwardly and oft
How hard it wer to flitt fro' bedde vnto y^e pytt:
From pytt vnto payne y^t neuer shal ceas certayne
He wold not doe one synn all y^e worlde to winn.

Feversham, Kent.



1539. *Thomas Aleſſe.*

Thomas Aleſe Eſquier & Margaret hys wyff
 Ly vnder this playn ſton;
 God graunte hem euerlaſting lyff,
 To whom we hop th'ar gon.
 He dyed, as her ys to be ſine,
 On thowſand fife hundredy thirty nine.
 Whoso y^r for ther ſowles will prey,
 God giue hem meede at Doomyngs day.

Milton, Kent.c. 1539: *Anne Danvers.*

What bayleth yt riches or what poſſeſſion,
 Gyftes of high nature, nobles in gentry,
 Baſtenes depur'd or frequent pollycy
 Sith prowes ſith power haue their y^rgreſſion
 Flete it is fatal on ſelf ſucceſſion
 That world hath no thing y^r ſmellith not frealtie
 Where moſt aſſurance is moſt unſuertie.
 Here lieth Dame Anne the lady of Daunteſey
 To ſir John danbers ſpouſe in coniunction
 To ſir John Daunteſey by lyne diſcenſion
 Coſyn and heire, whoſe herptage highlye
 Faſtely be ſtirmed in criſte hys mancion.

Daunteſey, Wilts.1540. *John Paynter.*

For y^r loue of Ihu
 I may not pray now: pray ye
 Wyth on Paternoster and on Abe
 That my peynys leſſyd may be.
 John Paynter of Dobor namyd I was
 And two tymes Maior of y^r place
 I paſſyd to God the fourteenth of July
 One thouſande fyue hundred and fourty.

Rainham, Kent.

c. 1540. *William Lambe.*

As I was, soe are yee
As I am, yow shall bee.
That I had, that I gaue,
That I gaue, that I haue,
Thus I end all my coste,
That I left, that I loste.

WILLIAM LAMBE, so sometime was my name
Whiles I aliue did run my mortall race;
Seruing a prince of most immortal fame,
Henry the eight, who of his princely grace,
In his Chappell allowed me a place.
By whose fauour, from Gentleman t' Esquire:
I was preferr'd with worship for my hire.

With wiues 3 I ioynd wedlocke band
Which (all aliue) true louers were to mee:
Roane, Alice, and Roane, for so they came to hand,
What needeth praise, regarding their degree?
In winely truth none stedfast more could be,
Who though in earth death's force did once disseuer,
Heauen yet (I trust) shall ioyne vs all together.

O Lambe of God, whiche sinne didst take away,
And (as a lambe) was offered by for sinne;
Where I poore Lambe went from thy flock astray,
Pet thou (good Lorde) bouchsafe thy Lambe to winne
Home to thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein:
That at the day when Lambes & Goats shall seuer,
Of thy choyce Lambes, Lambe may be one for euer.

I pray you all that receiue bread and pence,
To say the Lord's Prayer before you goe hence.

Formerly in the Iesus Chapel, Old S. Paul's.



1540. *Nicholas Gibson.*

Here was I borne, and here I make myne ende
 Though I was Citizen & Grocer of London
 And to y^e office of Schrebalty did ascend:
 But things transitorie passe & vanische sone
 To God be geeuen thanks if that I ought haue done.
 That to his honowre & to the bringing bp of youth
 And to the succowre of y^e age: for sewerly this is sothe.

By Abise my wyff chyl dren were left mee non
 Which we both did take as God had it sent:
 And firt our myn des that ioyntly in on
 To releue the poore by mutuall consent.
 Haue mercy on oure soules, & as for the residew,
 If it be thy will thow mayst ovr Acte contineu.

Stepney, Middlesex.

1542. *John Bird.*

All you this way by mee sal pas,
 Considyr what I am, and who I was,
 Bird I was first John by name;
 Here in Acton Preest and Parson of y^e same.
 Fift y^e yere & three gouerne did I heer
 And fynisht my liff in y^e two & fourtyth yere
 After a thousand cccc of our Lorde's first commynge
 In erth me to redeeme by sore payne sobbyng:
 And now I haue payd the stipend of this lyff,
 Helyding my flesh to wormes wythout eny stryff.
 For my soble intercede that glory it may opteyne,
 Where wth y^e blessyd Trinity eternally it may reyne.
 And for yow ageyn pray by whos cherite I am relebyd
 To swete Jesu with whos blood I am redeemyd.

Acton, Middlesex.



1543. *Anthony Sutton.*

Al now that doth this epitaph rede or see
 Of your mere godnesse and grett cherite
 Prey for y^e sowle of maister anthony
 Sutton, Bach^{er} of diuinity
 Who dyed in secundo die Augusti
 Annoq' Domini
 M. cccc. xl. and thre.

Thisleworth, Middlesex.



1545. *Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy.*

Willingly habe I sought, and willingly habe I found
 The fatall end that wrought thither as dutye bound :
 Discharged I am of that I ought to my countrey by honest
 wound
 My soule departyd Christ hath bought: The end of man is
 grounde.

S. Mary Aldermary.



c. 1554. *Pers Ideley.*

Be y^e behold & se thys dedely graue
 We besече for cheritye hartily to praye
 To y^e Lorde of mercey our soblis to haue
 W^h bee here couered vnder clothes of claye
 Wethe fro' whome nothynge escape maye
 Hath of Pers Ideley & his two wyues
 By hys dreadfull office seisyd theyr lyues.

Formerly at Dorchester, Oxon.



1558. *Sir Andrew Judd.*

To Russia and Muscoua
 To Spayne Gynny withoute fable
 Trabeld he by land and sea
 Bothe Mayre of London and Staple
 The Commentwelthe he norished
 So worthelie in all his days
 That ech state fullwell him lobed
 To his perpetuall prayes.
 Three wiues he had: one was Mary
 Fower sunes one mayde had he by her
 Annys had none by him truly
 By Dame Mary he had one doughtier
 Thus in the month of September
 A thowsande fybe hundred fiftie
 And eight died this worthie Stapler
 Worshippunge his posteritye.
Sr Andrew Judd Rnt.

S. Helen's, Bishopsgate.



1565. *John Eston.*

Here resteth in y^e mercie of God, the bodie of John Eston,
 Esquire, etc. etc.

How rich be they certayne
 That heauenly Kingdom gaine?
 No tongue can well expresse
 Their ioyes that be endlesse.

S. Thomas, Southwark.



1566. *Thomas Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons.*

Here Lyeth the corps of Thomas Willms esquier
 Twise reader he in Court appointed was
 Whose sacred minde to vertue did aspire
 Of parlament he Speaker hence did passe.

The comen peace he studied to preserbe
And trewe relygion eber to maynteyne
In place of justyce where as he dyd serbe
And now in Heaben with myghtie Iobe doth Rayne.

Harford, Devon.



1566. *Richard Chamberlayne.*

To the poore hee was liberall & gaue for Godes sake,
But now his fame is plentiful, & hee a heauenlie make,
Hee was like on of vs, according to owre mold,
Bbt now hee vnlike vs in heauen where hee wold.
His tyme was shorte, in syckenesse rare, as to all is knowne:
Bbt now hys tyme shal longe endbre, & neuer be caste downe.

S. Olave, Jewry.



1567. *Alexander Belfyre.*

Hoc quod es ipse fui mortalis, uterque perinde
Mortuus, ac fato tu moriere tuo.
Sic ergo bibas ut cum moriere superstes
Vita sit in coelis non moritura tibi.

That thou art now, the same was I;
And thou likewise shalt suer dye:
Like so that when thou hence dost wend
Thou mayest have blysse that hath no end.

Handborough, Oxon.



1570. *Richard Fortescue of Ffylleygh, Esquire.*

FForget who can of that he lyst to see
FFortescue of FFylleaghte the seuenthe of that degre
Remembrance of a frynde his brother Drake doth showe
Presenting this unto the eyes of woo
Hurtful to none and fryndlye to the moste
The earth his bones the Heabens possess his goste.

Filleigh, Devon.



1570. *Robert Weare, alias Browne.*

Here lyeth Robert Weare otherwise Browne
Who was seven tymes Maior of Marleborough Towne
And lybed in peace all his dayes
With Anne his wife to their great prayse
And dyed y^e xxvi of october in y^e yere of o^r lorde 1570
Who allwaies in God did put his hole trust.

Formerly at S. Peter's, Marlborough, Wilts.



1570. *Emma Foxe.*

To you that lyfe possess grete troubles do befall,
When we that slepe by Deth do feel no harm at all.
An honeste lyfe dothe bringe a ioyfull deathe at last,
And lyfe agayne begins when deth is once past.
My louinge flore farewell, God guyde thee wth his grace,
Prepare thyselfe to come & I will geue the place.
My children all adewe, & be ryghte sure of this,
You shal be brought to Dvste as emma flore your Mother is.

Aldeborough, Suffolk.



1572. *John Herrenden, Mercer, Esquire.*

Qu an tis di e bul stra
os quis ti ro um nere bit.
H san Chris mi t mu la

S. Anne-in-the-Willows.



1573. *Thomas Oken.*

Of your charypte gibe thanks for the soules of Thomas Oken
& Done his wyff, on whose Soules Jesus hath m'cy, Jesus
hath m'cy. Amen.

S. Mary's, Warwick.



1573. *Dr. Caius.*

*Fbi Caius.
Vibit post funera virtus*

1573
Ætat. 37

Caius Coll. Camb.



1576. *John Brimleis, Organist from 1557 to 1576.*

*John Brimleis' bodye here doth ly,
Who prayesyd God with honde & voyse;
By mbspykes heauenly harmonie
Hil myndes he maid in God reioyce.
Hys soule into y^e heauens is lyft,
To prayse him stil y^e gaue y^e gyfte.*

Durham Cathedral.



1576. *John Stydolf.*

*Here lyeth buried undir this stone the bodye of John Stydolf
Esquire, which decessyd y^e 8 daye of Maie, in y^e yere of
our Lord Mcccclxxvj.*

*Inueni portum spes et fortuna ualete
Nil mihi bobiscum lddite nunc aliis.
Obocbnq' ingreditur sequitur mors
Corporis umbram.*

Mickleham, Surrey.



1576. *Anthony Bond.*

*Christ is to me as life on earth, and death to me is gaine
Because I truste thorow him alone saluation to obteyne:
So bryttle is the state of man, so soone it dothe decay,
So all the glory of y^e worlde must passe & fade awaye.*

Egham, Surrey.

And in many other places.



1578. *Sir Edward Bayntun & Family.*

Here lyeth Sir Edward Bayntun Knight within this marble clad.
 By Agnes Wyce his first trew wyfe that thyrtyne children had:
 Whearof she left alpe withe him at her departure thre,
 Henry, Anne & Elizabeth, whose pictures here you see.
 The xix daye of Auguste she decesed of Christe y^e pere: }
 These litle figures standinge bie present y^e nomber here: } 1574.
 Then married to Anne Pakyngton, his second wife she was,
 For whose remembrance here in tombe these lynes be lefte in
 brasse.

Anna Dñi 1578.

Bromham, Wilts.

1579. *Robert Byrkes.*

How, how, who is here?
 I Robin of Doncaster & Margarete my fere.
 That I spent, that I had:
 That I gaue, that I haue:
 That I lefte, that I loste:
 Quoth Robertus Byrkes who in this world did reign
 Thre score yeaeres & seuen, & yett liued not one.
 Ano Dñi Mccccxxix.

Formerly in Old Doncaster Church.

1580. *Thomas Tuffer.*

Here Thomas Tusser clad in earth doth lye,
 That some tyme made The Points of Husbandrie;
 By him then learne thou maiest, here learne we must,
 When all is done, we sleepe, & tbrne to ddst:
 And yet, through Christe, to heauen we hope to goe;
 Who reades his bookes, shal finde his sayth was soe.

S. Mildred's, Poultry.



1581. *Thomas Eyer.*

T he life & lead may witnesse of my death
 H ope in my Christe & faith hath saued mee.
 O happye & whilst yet & haled breathe,
 M ore now, yea happye in y^e beste degre.
 A s first & liued full fourescore yeares to dye,
 S o laste & dyed to liue eternally.
 E nsbe that sample which & haue Begone,
 D ou that liue yett, bee fathers to y^e poore,
 E nforce yourselves to dooe as & haue Doune,
 R emember Iesbs allso hath a doore.

Burnham, Bucks.



1581. *John Brinckhurst.*

Ut Rosa mane biget, tamen et moy bespere languet,
 Sic homo banescit; nunc est, nunc desinit esse.



1583. *William Denham.*

Man's Lyfe on Erthe is as Rob saythe
 A Warfare & a Toyle
 Where nought is won when all is done
 But an vncertaine toyle.
 Of thinges moste baine for hys longe paine
 Nothyng to him is lefte:
 Yet bertue sure doth still endure
 And cannot be berefte.
 Beholde & see a Proofo by mee
 That did enioye my Breathe
 Sixtie folwre yeare as may appeare
 .And then gaue place to Deth.
 Of Company of Goldsmithes free,
 William Denham calde by name,
 I was lyke you, & Erthe am now,
 As you shal bee the same.

William Denham whose pyctur in y^e wall
 Ingraued in brasse you spy

Under this stone sleppnge in Criste
In reste & peace doeth lye.

Thorpe, Surrey.



1584. *John Daye, a Printer.*

Here lies the *DAYE* that darknes could not blynd
When popish fogges had ouer cast the sunne
This *DAYE* the cruell nyght did leaue behynd.
To biew and shew what bloudi *ACTES* weare donne,
he set a *FOX* to wright how Martyrs runne
By death to lye: *FOX* ventured paynes & health:
To giue them light *DAYE* spent in print his wealth.

But God with gynn retorned his wealth agayne
And gaue to him: as he gaue to the poore,
Two wybes he had pertakers of his payne,
Als was the last encreaser of his stoor,
who mourning longe for being left alone,
Set bpp this toombe, herself turned to a *STONE*.¹

Little Bradley, Suffolk.

¹ She remarried to a person called Stone.



1584. *Theophilus Cave.*

Here in this grave there lies one *CAVE*;

We call a cave a grave.

If cave be grave, & grave be cave

Then reader judge I crabe

Whether doth *CAVE* lye in this grave

Or grave here lye in cave;

If grave in cave here buried lye,

Then grave where is thy victory?

Go reader and report

Here lyes a *CAVE*

Who conquers death

And buries his own grave.

Barrow-on-Soar, Leic.



1584. *Alis Walker.*

Whose soule (no doubt) hath pearsede y^e cloudes & skalde
the empire skies
whose deathe resoundinge echoes shewde w^t piteous plaintes &
cries

whoe lately like a fruitfull vine at table as she had beene
like olive branches rounde aboute her children might haue
sene :

she yesterdaie in goode estate these blessings did behoulde,
to daie here couerd lieth w^t earthe as with her fatall mould,
the Lorde & giuer of these fruites decrede y^e shoulde be soe,
euen by the meanes he thus her blest, to work her joyfull woe :
soe now y^e wombe y^e fruitfull was in peeldinge fruit decaied
is made a place & foode for wormes, loe, thus man's parte is
plaied.

such is the fickle state of man, th'uncertaine lott of life,
noe sooner spune by Lachese handes but cutte w^t Atrops knife.

Departed this Life in y^e Lorde in y^e calends of Januarie,
beinge after some computatio y^e first daie of y^e yere of o^r Lorde
one Thousande five hundred fourescore & four, the 44 yere
of her age.

Barford S. Martin, Wilts.



1585. *John Coffe.*

Christ is to me as life on earth and death to me is gaine,
Because I trust through him alone saluation to obtaine.
So brittle is the state of man, so soone it doth decay,
So all the glory of this world must pas & fade away.

Wilton, Wilts.

[Also at Tiddefwell, Derbyshire, 1579.]



1586. *Anne Venard.*

If yt be lawfull for a rural penne
 to write of matters touching heauenlye power,
 or to reueibe a greate complainte for them
 whose vertuous deedes haue gaind in happy howre
 a place with God. Then giue me leaue to tell
 of suche a losse whose lyke hath neere befell:
 Anne Venard shee whose corps interred here,
 whose soule in blisse whose vertues liue one earth.
 A mother thrice, yea, thrice a mother deare,
 whose godlye lyfe a bridgde by fatall death
 makes mee complayne. And from a sighing hearte
 tooe wish that place (thoughe not by my deserte.)
 Whilste she did liue her uertues lykewise lyued:
 Nowe shee is deade they are againe reuiud.
 Eache one that knewe hir sayd shee liud to dye,
 And yet, now deade hir praise they ratifye.
 This me contents hope says that wee shall meete
 With totall ioy in throane of heauenly seate.

Mors mortis morti mortem nisi morte dedisset
 Aeternae vitae Janua clausa foret. An: 1586.

S. Edmund's, Salisbury.

1586. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

England, Netherland, the Heauens, and the Arts,
 The Souldiers and the World haue made syre parts
 Of Noble Sidney: for who will suppose
 That a small heape of stones can Sidney enclose?

England hath his Body, for she it fed,
 Netherland his Bloud in her defence shed:
 The Heauens haue his Soule, the Arts haue his Fame,
 The Souldiers the Griefe, the World his Good Name.

Formerly in Old S. Paul's.



1590. *Elizabeth Poticary.*

Heare shee enterred lyes, depriu'd of breath,
 Whose light of vertue once on earth did shyne :
 Who life contemn'd, ne feared gastly death,
 Whom worlde, ne worldly cares coulde cause repine,
 Resolu'd to dye, with hope in heauen placed,
 Her Christe to see, whom lyuinge shee embraced.
 In prayer feruent, still in zeale most strong,
 In deathe delighting God to magnifye :

Pf. 13. How long wilt thou forgett mee Lord, this songe,
 In greatest panges was her sweete harmonye,
 Forget thee ? no ! he will not thee forget ;
 In booke of lyfe for aye thy name is fet.

Elizabeth Poticary, wife to Hierom Poticary, clothier,
 Deceased at y^e age of 35 yeres, 9^o Aplis A^o Dni 1590.

Stockton, Wilts.



1590. *Florens Caldwell, Esquire.*

Earth goes to		As mold to mold
Earth treads on	EARTH	Glittering in gold
Earth as to		Returne ne're shoulde
Earth shall to		Goe ere he wolde
Earth vpon		Confider may
Earth goes to	EARTH	Naked away
Earth though on		Be stovt & gay
Earth shall from		Passe poore away.

Be mercifull and charitable
 Reliue the poore as thou art able :
 A Shrowd to thy graue
 Is all thou shalt haue.

S. Martin's, Ludgate.



1590. *Laurence Hyde.*

Quidquid eras terrae morbo cōfect' & annis
 Concidit, et factū est terra quod ante fuit:
 Viuet at aeternū pars ducta ab origine coeli
 Mens generosa, nitens, sancta, recepta deo.
 Cū tuba terribilis iusti vocitarit ad aulam
 Sorte necis sp̄reta, viuet utruqꝫ polo.

Here lyeth the bodye of Laurence Hyde, late of Westhatch,
 Esquire, who had issue by Anne his Wyfe fixe sonnes & foure
 daughters, and dyed the vij day of June, in the yeare of the
 Incarnation of our Lord God 1590.

BEATI QUI MORIUNTUR IN DOMINO.

Tisbury, Wilts.

1590.

Thou mortall man y^t wouldest attayne
 The happie haven of heavenlye rest
 Prepare thyself: of graces all
 Fayth and repentance is the best.

Berry Pomeroy, Devon.

[Also at Totnes, and at Eton.]

1590. *William Button, Esquire.*

THIS WAS BVT-ONE THOUGH TAKING ROOME FOR THREE
 RELIGION, WISDOME, HOSPITALITIE:
 BVT SINCE HEAVE GATE TO ENTER BY IS STRAIGHT
 HIS FLEASHES BURDE HEERE HE LEFT TO WAIT
 TIL Y^r LAST TRUPE BLOWE OPE Y^r WIDE GATE
 TO GIVE IT ENTRACE TO Y^r SOVLE ITS MATE.

Alton-Priors, Wilts.

1591. *John Orgen.*

In God is my whole truſt. I. O. 1591.
 Iohn Orgen and Helen his wife.
 As I was ſo be ye : as I am you ſhall be.
 What I gaue, that I have,
 What I ſpent, that I had :
 Thus I count all my coſt,
 That I left, that I loſt.

S. Olave's, Hart Street.



1592. *Thomas Walker.*

Man's life betimes, trie it who ſhall,
 Shall finde noe tyme in it to truſt :
 Sometime to climbe, ſometime to fall,
 Till life of man be brought to duſt.

All Hallows, Lombard Street.



1592. *George Baſtel.*

HEIR . LIETH . ANE . HONARABIL . MAN . GEORG .

AND . OF . HIS . AGE . 74 .

FIFE . FOSTRING . PEACE . ME . BRED .
 FROM . THENCE . THE . MERCE . ME . CALD .
 TO . BYDE . HIS . BATTELS . BALD .
 VERIED . VITH . VARES . AND . SORE . OPPREST .
 DEATH . GAVE . TO . MARS . THE . FOIL .
 AND . NOV . I . HAVE . MORE . QUIET . REST .
 THAN . IN . MY . NATIVE . SOYL .
 FIFE . MERCE . MARS . MORT . THESE . FATAL . FOVR .
 AL . HAIL . MY . DAYS . HAS . DRIVEN . OWR .

RAMSEY . IN . FYLDEN .

BASTEL . WHO . DEPARTED . 4 . JAN . 1592 .



1592. *John Morgan.*

OF + YOVR + CHERITI + PRAYE + FOR + Y^r
 SOVLE + OF + IOHN + MORGAN + GENTLEMAN + A
 ND + ELNOR + HIS + WIFE + WITH + ALL
 THAIRE + PROGENITORS + AND + ALL
 CHRIASTIANS + A
 MEN + WHICH + IOHN + DECESED + THE
 VI + DAYE + OF + APRIL + IN + THE
 YEARE + OF + OV
 R + LORD + 1592

Knook, Wilts.[Probably the latest instance of "Praye for y^e soule."]1592. *Elizabeth, Widow of John Skory, Bishop of Hereford.*

Beati mortui qui domino moriuntur.

Her corps heere lyes in cheft,
 Her soule in heauen now liues,
 And she enioyes that rest
 Which God to his saintes giues :
 For in Chrifft did she trust,
 That he will her restore.
 Againe out of the duft,
 To liue for euermore.

S. Leonard's, Shoreditch.1593. *John Truflowe.*

Come nere my friends, behould and see
 Suche as I am fuche shall you bee :
 As is my ftate within this tombe
 So muft yours be before the doome.
 For all men muft by God's decree
 Once tafte of deth as ye fee me.
 Where fore in time Remember dethe
 Before you lofe your vitall breth.

John Truslowe here interred is,
 And lyeth in this graue :
 Which unto me large benefits
 Most bountifully gaue.
 The race he liued here on earth
 Was threescore yearés & seuen,
 Deceast in Aprill 93 and then
 Was prest to heauen.
 He havinge then no issue lefte
 His liuinge wholly gaue
 To *Richard Truslowe* of his name,
 For so he would it haue.
 Who in remembrance of the gyuer
 This Tombe hath caused to be
 Within this Church of Avebvrie
 Erected as you see.

Per *Richardum Truslowe* haeredem adoptivum & executorem
 dicti *Johannis* 18 Aprilis 1593.

The bodye of *John Truslowe* here doth rest,
 Who dying did his soule to heven bequest :
 His faith in Chriff most stedfastly was set,
 In fured hope to satisfie his debte.
 A liuely theame to take example by,
 Contemning dethe in hope a Sainte to dye.

Avebury, Wilts.

[These latter verses are frequently found about this date.]



1594. *William Kerwin*, "*of the Cittie of London, Freemason.*"

Aedibus attalicis, londinum qui decoravi ;
 Me duce surgebant aliis regalia tecta
 Exiguam tribuant hanc mihi fata domū.
 Me duce conficitur, ossibus vrna meis.

S. Helen's, Bishopsgate.



1594. *R. Scarleit.*

You see old Scarleit's picture stand on hie,
 Bvt at your feet there doth his bodye lie:
 His grauestone doth his age & death-time shew,
 His office by these tokens ye may know.
 Second to none for strength & sturdy limme,
 A Scar-babe mighty, voice & visage grim:
 Hee had interred two Queenes within this place,
 And this Towne's householders in his life's space
 Twice over. But at length his own time came,
 What hee for others did, for him the same
 Is done. No doubt his soule doth liue for aye
 In Heauen, though here his bodye's clad in clay.

JULY '2. 1594.

R. S.

ÆTATIS 98.

Peterborough Cathedral.1596. *John Windham, Esq., & Florence his Wife.*

Maritus { When changelesse fate to death did change my life,
 I praied it to be gentle to my wife.

Vxor { But shee who harte & hande to thee did wedd
 Desir'd nothyng more than thys thy bedd.

Fatum { Brought your soules that linckt were in each other
 To rest above, your bodyes heer together.

1596.

S. Decuman's, Somerset.

1596. *Anne Middleton.*

As Man liueth, so he dyeth :
As Tree falleth, so it lyeth :
Anne Middleton, thy life well past,
Doth argve restfvll blisse at last.

*Obijt Anno à partu Virginis Mariae 1596 Mens. Ianuar.
die 11. Anno Reg. Reginae Elizabethae, 39. Aetatis suae 54.*

S. Matthew's, Friday St.



1596. *Etheldreda Thornburgh.*

Here before lyeth interred
Etheldred Thornburgh corps in duff.
In Lyfe, at Death, styll fyrmely fixed
On GOD to rest hir stedfast trust.
Hir Father *Iustise Carus* was,
Hir Mother, *Katharine* his wiffe,
Hir Husbande *William Thornburgh* was
Whilst here she ledd this mortail lyfe.
Ye thyrd of Martche, a yeare of Grace
One Thowfsand Fyve Hundred nyntie fix,
Hir sowle departed this earthly plase :
Of aage nighe fortie yeares a fix.
To whose sweet soule heavenlye Dwelling
Our Saviour grant euerlastinge.

Cartmel, Lanc.



1598. *Mary Sandys.*

In remembrance of whose pietie & singular vertues, the
eternall loue of her hvsbande hath caused this Monument to
be erected.

*In Heauen her soule, in mee her loue,
Her bodye resteth heere ;
Which is to God, was to ye worlde,
To me her husbande, deere.*

S. Gregory's, Norwich.



1599. *Edward Grimstone.*

EDWARD GRIMSTONE, THE FATHER OF RISH-
HANGLIS, ESQUIER, DIED 17 MARCHE 1599.

BY TWIICE TWO KINGS & QUEENES HIS LIFE WAS GRAC'D,
YET ONE RELIGION HELD FROM FIRST TO LAST,
IVSTICE HE LOV'D & TRVTH, AND COMMON GOOD,
NO LESSE THAN TH' ISSVE OF HIS PRIVAT BLOODE.
HIS YEARES, MORE THAN HIMSELF, DID OTHERS PLEASE
FOR COUNCELL & DISCOVERSE OF WARRE AND PEACE.
HIS LIFE WAS RVLE TO LIVES, HIS DEATH A MIRROR,
ONE FELT NOT VAINE CARE, NOR THE OTHER TERROR.

EDWARD GRIMSTONE, THE SONNE OF BRADFIELD,
ESQUIER, DIED 16 AVGVST 1610.

THE SONNE PAID TO HIS FATHER'S PARTS INCREASE
WITTIE & WISE HE WAS, VS'D LAWE FOR PEACE.
WHAT FIRST HE CHUS'D FOR GOOD HE CHANGED NEVER,
HIS CARÉ WAS TEMPERATE, HIS ZEALE FERVENT EVER,
AND THEISE FAYER GIFTS Y^r HEAVEN HIS POWERS DID
GIVE
DID MAKE THE FATHER IN THE SONNE TO LYVE.
WHER TRUTH HATH WRITT THAT ENVIE CANNOT BLOT,
THE NAME OF GRIMSTONE CANNOT BE FORGOT.

Rishangles, Suffolk.



1599. *Anne Horswell.*

If euer chaste or honneste godlye lyfe.
Might meryt prayse of euerlastynge fame.
Forget not then that worthy Sternholde wyfe.
Obr Hobbies' make. Ane Horswell cald by name.
Frome whome alas to sone for hers here lefte
Hath God her soble & dethe her lyfe byreste.

Anno 1599.

Hursley, Hants.

[The "Hobbies" were an ancient family in those parts.]



c. 1600. — *More, of Norwich.*

More had I once, More would I haue,
 More is not to be had ;
 The first I [loft] the next is vaine,
 The third is too too bad.
 If I had vs'd with More regard,
 The More that I did giue,
 I might haue made More vse & frvit
 Of More while he did liue.
 Bvt time will be recald no More,
 More since are gon in brieve.
 Too late repentaunce yeelds no More
 Saue only paine & grieve.
 My comfort is y^t God hath More
 Svch *Mores* to fend at will,
 In hope wherof I figh no More,
 Bvt rest vpon him still.

Elingham, Norfolk.



1600. *Sir Thomas Stanley.*

Aske who lyes here, but doe not weepe :
 He is not dead, he dothe but sleepe !
 This stonie register is for his bones,
 His fame is more perpetuall than these stonies,
 And his owne goodnesse with himselfe being gone,
 Shall liue when earthelye monument is none.
 Not monumental stonies preserues our fame,
 Nor sky aspiring pyramides our name.
 The memorie of him for whom this stands,
 Shall outlive marbell and defacers' hands :
 When all, to time's consumption shall be giuen,
STANLEY, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.

Tong, Salop.

[Said, in Sir W. Dugdale's "*Visitation Book*" to haue been written by Shakespere.]



c. 1600. *Thomas Wyfeman.*

Who lyfts to fee & knowe himfelfe
 Maye loke vpon this glaffe,
 And wey the beaten paths of deathe
 Whiche he fhall one daye paffe.

Which way Thomas Wyfeman
 With patient mynde hath gonne,
 Whose bodye here as death hath charged
 Lyeth couered with this ftonne.

Thus duft to duft is brought againe,
 The earthe fhce hath her owne:
 This fhall the laft of all men be,
 Befoure the trump be blowen.

Great Waltham, Effex.



1600. *Horatio Palavicene.*

Here lyes Horatio Palavicene,
 Who robb'd the Pope to lend the Queene.
 He was a thief. A thief! thou ly'ft;
 For whie? he robb'd but Antichrift.
 Him Death wyth befome swept from Babram
 Into the bofom of oulde Abram.
 But then came Hercules with his club,
 And ftruck him down to Beelzebub.

Babraham, Camb.

[Quoted in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*.]



c. 1600. *Gamaliel Pye.*

Mole fvb hac, fi fortè roges quis (Candide lector?)
 Vel qualis recvbat, *Gamaliel Pius* eft.
 Vita *pium*, nomenqve *pium*, mors fancta *piumque*
 Exhibet, & vita eft nomine morte *pivs*.

Chrift Church, Bridewell.



1601. *Leonard Smith.*

Leonard Smith, Fishmonger, ended his days
He feared the Lord and walked in his ways.
His bodye here in earthe doth reſte,
His ſoule with Chriſt in Heauen is bleſt.

The 14th day of May, Anno Dom. 1601.

S. Nicholas, Cole Abbey.



1603. *William Benſon.*

Heere th' earthly part of *William Benſon* lyes,
Whome *Robert Benſon* had by *Mary Lyle*.
The heauenlye movnted is above y^e ſkies
With winges of Fayth, diſſolu'd but for a while :
The linnen which he ſold was nere ſo white
As is y^e Robe wherein y^e Sovle is dight,
Yett *Thomas* movrnes in black, his onely ſonne,
And *Richard* (of whole blood,) his eldeſt brother :
Bvt *London's* reuerend Biſhop this hath done,
Which was by *Rauis* borne of the ſame Mother :
And *William Lyle*, firſt couſen to them all,
Long liue his uerſe, penn'd this Memoriall.

Hee departed in y^e 56 yeare of his age. An. Dom. 1603.

S. Olave's, Southwark.



1603. *Richard Aldworth & Elizabeth his Wife.*

My Turtle gone, all ioy is gone from mee,
Ile mourne awhile, and after flee :
For time brings youthfull Youths to age,
And age brings Death, our Heritage.

They liued married togeather 44 yeares.
Their race is runne, and Heauen is wonne.

S. Andrew's, Holborn.



1604. *Sir Henry Goodyere.*

An ill yeare of a GOODYER vs bereft
 Who gon to God, much lacke of him here left :
 Fvll of good gifts, of bodye and of mynde,
 Wyse, comlie, lernede, eloquent, and kinde.

Hadley, Middlesex.

1604. *Dean Eedes.*

Viator ad tumulum de reverendissimo viro domino
 RICHARDO EEDES olim hujus Ecclesiae Decano.

Ede, quis hic? *Eedes.* Cur hic? *Quia prae fuit Aedi,*
Haec Domino qualis visa? Beata Domus.

Ede gradum? *Doctor.* Qualis? *Sacer Oxoniensis.*

Tamne pius vitâ quam fuit ore? *Fuit.*

Cur lapis et loqueris? *Sub me jacet orphea vincens.*

Iste facit plusquam, saxa movere, loqui.

Cur lapis et lacrimas? *Facturam defleo tantam.*

Eja! viatorem me quoque flere facis.

Worcester Cathedral.

1605. *Frances Croke, "the loued & beloued wife of Paulus Ambrosius Croke."*

Wellborne she was, but better borne againe,
 Her first birth to the flesh did make her debtor,
 The latter in the Spirit, (by Christ,) hath set her
 Freed from fleshe's debtes, Death's first & latter gaine:
 Wives pay no debtes whos Husbonds liue & reigne.

S. Katharine-Cree.



1607. *Nicolas Luttrell.*

If long consuming sicknesse be a deathe,
I was long dead before I gaue my breathe :
Bvt if in hopefull issue parents liue,
I'm not halfe dead, my beste part doth suruiue :
Ther's noe life lost, my progeny hath this,
My sovre a better life enjoys in blisse.

NICHOLAS LUTTRELL. 1607.

Stoke S. Neſtan, (Hartland,) Devon.



1608. *Thomas Sothertone.*

Under this cold marbell fleepes
He for whom even marbell weepes
His name lives here in good men's hearts
Whilst Heaven enjoies his better parts.
The race of fyfye yeares and three
His lyfe ran oute religiouslye.
Of gentill blud more worthy merrit
Whose brest enclosed an humbell ſperrit.
Oh ! death—thow haft the boddy wone
Of worthy *Thomas Sothertone.*
His vertues 'bove thy power is rayfed
And shall while tyme dooth laſt bee prayſed.
Hir one yeare's Father Norw^{ch} choſe him
And wyſhed that ſhee myght never loſe him
So deare a friend unto hir ſtate
Is reſt from hir by cruell fate.
But 'twas decreed all that hath breth
Muſt paſs y^e wombe to grave by deth :
So all muſt tread y^e path that hee hath done
And by deth follow worthy *Sothertone.*

Obiit. May 12. 1608.

S. John Maddermarket, Norwich.



1608. *Thomasin Petre.*

Heere underlyeth Thomasin Godolphin, The Wife of
Thomas Petre, Gentlem : who dyed the ix of Septr. 1608.

She was to God and Hvsbande trewe
A mirror for all wyves to veiwe :
The poore, the lame, the ficke & needy,
She did releeeve most liberally :
She lyved so good and godlye lyfe,
As never wronged man, maid, or wyfe :
And made so good and godlye ende,
As none the same on earth may mende.

Formerly at Okehampton, Devon.

1608. *Thomas Leake.*

Here rests T. Leake whos vertues were so known
In all these parts, that this engraued stone
Needs navght relate bvt his vntimely ende,
Which was in single fight : whylste yowth did lende
His ayde to ualor, hee wth ease orepass
Many flyghte dangers greater than this lasse.
Bvt wilfull fate in these things gouerns all.
He towld ovt threescore yeaes before his fall :
Mvch of w^h tyme hee wasted in this wood,
Mvch of his wealth, and lasse of all his blood.

1608. Feb. 4.

Blidworth, Hants.

1609. *John Roope.*

Twas not a winded or a withered face,
Nor long gray hares, nor dimness in the eyes,
Nor feble limbs, nor vncoth trembling pace,
Prefadg'd his death that here intombed lies :
His time was come, his Maker was not bovnde
To let him liue till all theis marks were fovnde :

His time was come, that time he did embrace
 With fence & feeling, with a joyfull herte,
 As his best passage to a better place,
 Where all his cares are ended, & his smarte.
 This *Rooke* was bleste that trusted in God alone :
 He lives twoe lives where others live bvt one.

S. Petrock's, Dartmouth.



1609. *Sir William Stone, Knight.*

As the Earth the Earth doth couer,
 So vnder this Stone lyes another.
Sir William Stone, who long deceafed,
 Ere the world's loue him releafed,
 So much it lou'd him, for they say
 He answer'd death before his day,
 Bvt tis not so, for he was fought
 Of one that him both made and bought.
 He remain'd the great Lord's treasure,
 Who called for him at his pleasure,
 And receiu'd him. Yet be't sayd
 Earth grieu'd that heauen so soone was payd.

Heere likewife lyes inhumed in one bedde,
 Dame *Barbara*, the wel beloved wife
 Of this remembred Knight : whose foules are fled
 From this dimme Vale to everlasting life.

Where no more change, nor no more separation
 Shall make them flye from their blest habitation.

Grafte of leultie,	<i>Their riches were like corne</i>	Stone walls, brasse towers,
Span in breuitie,	<i>lent to the field,</i>	decay as flowers :
Flowers felicitie,	<i>What it receiv'd, it</i>	One gone, their good
Fire of miserie,	<i>manifold did yield.</i>	is, Lo, heere they stood,
Windes stabilitie,	<i>Their bodies have a grave</i>	So transitory
is mortalitie.	<i>their virtues none :</i>	is our glory.
	<i>But shall with time grow greene</i>	
	<i>when they are gone.</i>	

S. Mary Magdalene, Milk Street.



1609. *Edward Sherland.*

Here lyeth the Body of *Edward Sherland*, of Gray's Inn, Esqre, descended from the antient family of *Sherland* in the Isle of Sheppey, in Kent; who lived the whole of his life a single man, and dyed in this parish the 13th of May, 1609.

Tombes have no vse, vnlesse it be to shoue
The due respect which friend to friend doth owe.
Tis not a mausolean monument
Or hireling epitaph that doth prevent
The flux of fame : a painted sepulcher
Is but a rotten trustlesse treasure,
A fair gate to oblivion.
But he whose life, whose euerie action,
Like well-wrought stones and pyramides, erecte
A monument to honour and respecte,
As this man did ; he needs none other herse,
Yet hath bvt due, hauing both tombe and verse.

Elmset, Suffolk.

1610. *Magdalen Curson.*

She that lyes heere wthin this gloomy grave
Enioyd all vertues that a minde coulde have
Let this svffice thee then in breife to know
She once was svch as thov mayst reade belowe.
Lord Dormer's daughter, S^r John Curson's wife
To whom foure sonns & daughte^{rs} twoe she bore
Belou'd of all she liud yet chang'd this life
For svch a life as neuer shall change more
A magdalen by name, a Saint by grace
Dy'de mvch bewaylde & bvried in this place.
Then happye she who svch a life did leade
As she nowe liues anewe though she is deade.

Waterpery, Oxon.



1611. *Anne Gibson.*

Mentis vis Magna.

What, is she dead? doth hee furuiue?

No, both are dead, and both aliue.

She liues, hee's dead, by love, through grieuinge :

In him, for her, yet dead, yet liuing.

Both dead and liuing? then what is gone?

One halfe of both, not any one.

{ One Mind, one Faith, one Hope, one Graue : }
{ In Life, in Death, they had, & still they haue. }

Amor coniugalis aeternus.

S. Alban's, Wood Street.



1611. *Barne Roberts.*

If humane worth could haue preferu'd him still,

He had been much too strong for death to kill:

Yet being conquered, he got, by the strife,

A better being in a better life :

So that great victor ouer nature leste him

More happinesse tennfold then he bereft him.

S. Stephen, Copleman Street.



1612. *Dr. Low.*

Stay passenger, and view this stone,

For vnder it lys svch an one,

Who evr'd many while he liv'd,

So graciovs he no man griev'd.

Yea, when his phyfic's force oft fail'd,

His pleafant pvrpose then preval'd.

For of his God he got the Grace

To live in mirth and dye in peace.

Heav'n has his sovl, his corps this stone,

Sigh passenger, and then begone.

High Kirk, Glasgou.



1612. *Catherine Mountague.*

VVhat Epitaph shall we afford this Shrine?
 VVords cannot grace this Piramid of thine:
 Thy sweet perfections, all sum'd up, were such,
 As heauens (I thinke) for faith did thinke too much
 Religious Zeale did thy pure heart command,
 Pitie thin eie, & Charitie thy hand:
 These Graces, ioyn'd with more of like degree,
 Make each man's word an Epitaphe for thee.
 Calm was thy death, well order'd was thy life,
 A carefull mother, & a louinge wife.
 Ask anie, how those Vertues in thee grewe?
 Thou wast a *SPENCER* and a *MOUNTAGUE*.

S. Buttolph's, Aldersgate.

1612. *John & Jane Pearse.*

Here lie the corpes of *JOHN* and *JANE* his wife
 Surnamed *PEARSE*, whom death bereaved of life.
 O! lovely *PEIRCE*, vntill death did them call
 They obiectes were to love in generall.
 Living, they lived in fame & honestie
 Dieing, they left both to their progenie.
 Alive & dead al-waies their charitie
 Hath, doth & will, help helpless povertie.
 By nature they were two, by love made one
 By death made two again, with mournful mone.
 O! crvell death, in turning odde to even
 Yet blessed death in bringing both to Heaven.
 On earth they had one bed, in earth one toombe
 And now their soules in Heaven enjoy one roome.
 Thus *PEARSE*, being peirced by death, doth peace obtaine
 O! happie *PEIRCE* since peace is *PEARSE'S* gaine.

He dyed the 10th day of December 1612. She dyed the 31st day of Jvlie 1582.

Bigbury, Devon.

1612. *John Rychards.*

I H S

Anno Domⁱ. 1612.

Heare lyeth John Rychards under this wall,
A faythfull true fervant to Turvey old Hall;
Page to the first Lord Mordaunt of fame,
Servaunt to Lewes, Lord Henry, & John:
Paynfull & carefull & just to them all,

Til death toke hys lyffe.

God have mercie of hys soule !

Amen.

Turvey, Beds.



1613. *Jane Gee.*

An epitaph of Edward Gee Parson of this Church hypon
the death of his most deare wife Jane Gee who deceased
the 21 day of September, 1613.

Oh that in Hymenaeus' bookes I neare had been enrould,

Woe worth alas, my light, my Jane, lies here iclad in mould:
Scarce ten peares had we libde in bliss, but death rest Jane
alway;

Embious Death woe worth my light, my Jane, lies here in
clay;

Here Jane thou lyth, to whom Admet' wyffe unequal was:
In faithfulness Penelope thou diddest far surpass.

Never was woman to her spouse or to her imps more kind,
A more godlye & modest one than thee no mā could finde.

Therefore a happy soule in peace eternally remayne

In hebens high, where thou dost in the blessed kingdom rayne,
Yet shall thy features, O my Jane, out of my heart then slyde,
When beasts from field, & fishes all out of y^e seas shall
glyde,

Henceforth I will no more alight upon a fair green tree,

But as the turtle wd has lost his deare mate I will be.

Tedburn S. Mary, Devon.



1613. *Sir James Pemberton, Knt.*

Vertue & Death being both enamoured
On worthy *Pemberton*, In heate of Loue
To be possesse of what each coueted
Thus did they dialogue, & thus they stroue.

Vertue . VVhat Vertue challengeth, is but her right.
Death . VVhat Death layes claim to, who can contradict?
Vert . . Vertue whose power exceeds all other might.
Dea . . Wher's Vertue's power when Death makes all
submit?
Vert . . I gaue him life, & therfore hee is mine.
Dea . . That life he held no longer than I list.
Vert . . I made him more than mortall, neere Diuine.
Dea . . How hapt he could not then Death's stroke resist?
Vert . . Because (by nature) all are borne to dye.
Dea . . Then thine owne tongue yeelds Death the victory.
Vert . . No Death, thou art deceiv'd, thy enuious stroke
Hath giuen him life immortall, 'gainst thy will.
Dea . . VVhat life can be but vanisheth as smooke?
Vert . . A life that all thy darts can never kill.
Dea . . Haue I not lockt his body in the graue?
Vert . . That was but duste, & that I prey thee kepe.
Dea . . That is as much as I desire to haue,
His comely shape in my eternall sleepe.
Vert . . But wher's his honourable life, renowne & fame:
Dea . . They are but breathe, them I resign to thee.
Vert . . Them moste I couet. *Dea*. I prefer my claime.
His body mine. *Vert*. Mine his Eternity.

*And so they ceast. Death triumphs o're his graue,
Vertue o're that which Death can never haue.*

S. John Zachary.¹

¹ This was one of the City Churches not rebuilt after the Great Fire.



1613. *Anne Ferrar, aet. 21.*

Here was a Bud, beginning for her May :
Before her flower, Death tooke her hense away.
But for what cause? That friends might ioy the more.
Where their hope is, she flourisheth now before.
She is not lost, but in those ioyes remaine,
Where friends may see, & ioy in her againe.

S. Benet-Shereshog.



1613. An epitaph upon *Anthony Cooke* who deceased upon
Ester Monday, anno dom. 1613.

At the due sacrifice of the Paschall Lambe,
Aprill had eayght dayes wept in showrs, the cam
Leane hungrie Deathe who never pittie tooke,
And 'cawse y^e Feaste was ended flew this *Cooke*.
On Ester-Monday he lyves then no daye more,
But synke to rise wth Him that rose before.
Hee's heere entombed, A man of vertues' line
Outreche his yeares, yet they were seaventy nyne.
Hee left on earth tenn Children of eleaven
To keepe his Name whilste himselfe went to Heauen.

S. Peter's, Roxford.



1613. *Izan Edwards.*

Vertue is not dead.

The soule in Heauen, the bodye here, of *Izan* lyes,
By her *John Edwards* good, & by her Parents bothe :
She deare to all her three, that liuing, still she cryes
Lay me by them, for other graue I loathe.
Oh God ! that heardst the crie of this thy creature,
Make *Izans* many, in Vertue, Grace, and Feature.
As Loue (in Life) conioyn'd vs once,
And God (by Death) disioyn'd vs twaine :
So Loue (by Death) reioyn'd ovr bones,
And God (in Ioy) ioyn'd vs againe.

All Hallows, Lombard St.



1613. *Lady Mary Salter, wife of Sir W. Salter, one of her Majesty's cupbearers, & daughter of Thos. Sherland of Suffolk.*

Here the earthly mansion of a heavenly mind,
A worthy Matron's mortal part, is shrin'd.
More might be said, if any tombe or stone
Were large enough for her inscription.
But words are bootles, more elegies hurl'd
Upon her hearse were vaine, for to the world,
Like a vain glorious gamster, 'twould but boast
Not what it hath, but what it has lost;
And making her lyfe knowne, would cause my feare
'Twas greater than vertue's strength would beare.

Iwer, Bucks.



1614. *Mary Travers.*

Here lyes a *Mary*, mirror of her sexe,
For all that best their soules or bodies decks,
Faith, forme, or fame, the miracle of youth,
For zeale & knowledge of the sacred Truth,
For frequent reading the whole Holy Writ,
For seruent prayer, & for practice fit,
For meditations, fyll of vse & art,
For humbleness in habite & in heart,
For pious, prudent, peacefull, praisefull life,
For all the vertues of a christian wife;
For patient bearing seuen dead-bearing throwes,
For one aliue, which yet dead with her goes.
From *Travers* her deare spovse, her father *Hayes*,
Lord Maior, more honored in her vertuous praise.

Quam pie obiit puerpera die octauo martij
Anno Aetatis 29. Anno Salutis 1614.

S. Pancrate, Needler's Lane.



1614. *Sir Thomas Overbury, his epitaph.*

The span of my daies meafur'd, heare I reft,
That is my Bodye ; but my Soule his gueft
Is hense affended whither neither Tyme,
Nor Faythe nor Hope : but onelie Loue can Clyme.
Where beinge nowe enlighten'd Shee doeth knowe
The Trueth of all men argve of belowe.
Onelie this Dvft doeth heare in pawne remaine,
That when the Worlde diffolues, Shee com agayne.

Thomas Overbury.

1614.



1614. *Richard & Mary Bluett of Holcombe-Rogus.*

NOR GOODNES, NOR DESERT, MUST HOPE TO HAVE
A PRIVILEGE OF LIFE AGAINST THE GRAVE,
FOR THOSE LIE HERE INTOMBED : DEATH DID HIS BEST,
IT CHANGED BUT HOURES OF TOYLE FOR HOURES OF REST ;
WHICH THIS GOOD MAN HATH FOUND. HIS FAITH MADE
WAY

TO HEAVEN BEFORE : HIS WORKES STILL DAY BY DAY
NOW FOLLOW HIM. SUCH GRACE DOTHS MERCY GIVE,
AND WHO LIVES WELL TO DYE, DYES WELL TO LIVE.

NASCENDO C MORIUR MORIEDO RENASCIMUR.

A MODEST MATRON HERE DOTHS LIE
A MYRROR OF HER KIND ;
HER HUSBAND & HER CHILDREN'S
GOOD,
HER LYKE IS RARE TO FIND.
GODLY, CHASTE, AND HOSPITABLE,
A HOUSEWIFE RARE WAS SHE ;

Y^r POORE SHE OFTEN WOULD RELIEVE,
YET WOULD NOT WASTEFUL BE
HER DEATH A PATERN WAS TO DIE
HER LIFE WAS GOOD LIKEWISE ;
HER LIFE & DEATH ASSUER HER
FRIENDS,
THAT SHE TO JOY SHALL RYSE.

VIXI IN ERETO MORIOR IN PORTU.

Holcombe-Rogus, Devon.



1614. *Dorothea Doddridge.*

As when a curpous clocke is out of frame
 A workman takes in peeces small the same
 And mēding what amisse is to be found
 The same rejoynes and makes it trewe & sound
 So God this Ladye into two partes tooke
 Too soon her soule her mortall corse forsooke
 But by his mighte att length her bodie found
 Shall rise rejoynd unto her soule new crownd
 Till then they rest in earth and heave sundred
 Att which conjoynd all such as live we the wondred.

Exeter Cathedral.1614. *Juliana Osborne.*

BONIFANT a Virgin ; OSBORNE a loyall wife
 For thirty yeares ; a Widdow was fourty and more.
 A hundred yeares almoste she lead her life,
 Kinde to the riche and good to the poore.
 Here lyes her duft whose foule's to Heauen gone,
 Since she did liue and dye a faintlike one.

Clyst S. George, Devon.1615. *Robert Kerwin.*

ROBERT KERWIN now here doth lie,
 A man of proved honeftie :
 Whose fowle to heaven hense did flie,
 To enjoy Chrifst his felicitie,
 The seaventh of Februarie. 1615.

Penshurst, Kent.

1615. *John Wally.*

In spe refvrectionis hic jacet corpvs Johannis Wally,
qvonda: maior huivs civitatis: qvi obiit 4to die *Aprilis*.

Thofe blvfteringe fforms, which threat the bleffed peace
Of virtves fove, nere her departure ceafe,
Like miftie vapovrs which obfcure the fvn,
Yet often vanifh ere his covrfe be done ;
True worth hath wings to beare her fpotlefs name
Above the reach of ill-begotten fame.
Witneffe the aged tenant of this tombe,
Whofe harmlefs life was fubject to the doome
Of headftiong rafhnefs ; but fince here he lay,
Error's reverfed, and trvth hath got the day :
In heaven, kind reader, is his fpirit bleft,
Blefs thov his name, and let his body reft.

Anno domini 1615.

Bath Abbey.



1616. *Henry Airay, Provost.*

Ignis et affiantes pvrarent A E R A venti
Tranfitvs in coelvm promptior inde patet.

Queen's College, Oxford.



1616. *Anne Andrews.*

Nicholas Andrews to his deareft wife *Anne*
doth this laft office of loue ; for fhe was

Religious	Louing
Chafte	Faire
Discreet	Obedient

She liued but 25 yeeres, & dyed at *Chigwell*, in *Effex*, the
12 day of June, 1616: and was heer vnder interred (in
great forrow) the Thursday following: leauing behind her
liuing two fonnes, *William & Nicholas*.

All Hallows Barking.



1616. *William Crowche.*

*Loe thus he died, for vaine and fraile is flesh ;
Yet liues his soule (by faith) in endlesse blisse,
By Faith in Christ ; whose grace was so enlarged,
That by his bloud, man's sinne he hath discharged.*

S. Dunstan's in the West.

1616: *William Shakspeare.*

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM.
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MAERET, OLYMPVS HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITHIN THIS MONVMENT, SHAKSPEARE, WITH WHOME
QUICK NATVRE DIDE : WHOSE NAME DOTR DECK Y^r TOMBE,
FAR MORE THEN COST : SIEH ALL Y^r HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIIIT ANO. DO 1616.

AETATIS 53. DIE 23 AP.

North wall of Chancel.

On the Gravestone.

GOOD FREND, FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HERE
BLESE BE Y^r MAN Y^t SPARES THES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE Y^t MOVES MY BONES.

Stratford-on-Avon.

1616. *Richard Randall, one of the Governors of Christ's Hospital.*

*No cause to mourne, though here he lye,
That gave to many cause to cry :
For though his body turne to dust,
His Soule doth liue among the iust.*

S. Mary Summerfett.



1617. *John Stone, a Freemason.*

On our great Corner-Stone this *Stone* relied
For blessing on his building, louing most
To build God's temples; in works he dyed,
And liued the temple of the Holy Ghost.
In whose hard life is proued an honest fame,
God can of Stones raise feed to Abraham.

Sidbury, Devon.



1617. *John Sherman.*

Under this monument lyes one
Did good to many, hurt to none:
Friended the rich, relieved the poor,
Was kind to all—who can do more?
That loved Hospitality,
Yet hated Prodigality.

Ottery-S.-Mary, Devon.

[Part of a very long one.]



1617. *Sir Charles Cavendish.*

Charles Cavendish to his Sonnes.

Sonnes, seek not me among these polish'd stones,
Those only hide part of my flesh and bones;
Which did they here so neat or proudly dwell,
Will all be dust, and may not make me swell.

Let such as have outliv'd all praise
Trust in the toombs their carefull friends do raise:
I made my life my monument, and yours,
To which there's no material that endures;
Nor yet inscription like it. Write but that,
And teache your nephews it to emulate;
It will be matter loud enough to tell
Not when I died, but how I liv'd. Farewell.

Bolsover, Derby.



1618. *John Bonner.*

The Epitath of John Bonner.

Heare lyeth intombd *John Bonner* by name,
 Sonne of *Bonner* of *Pebworth*, from thence he came.

The 17 of October he ended his daies,
 Pray God that wee liuinge may follow his wayes.

1618 by the yeare.

Scarce are such to be found in this Shere.

Made & fett yp by his loueing frend
Evens his kindestman, & foe I doe ende.

John Bonner senior. *Thomas Evens* junior.

1618.

Mickleham, Glouc.1618. *Lucy Bromfield.*

The Hufbande speakeinge trewly of his Wife,
 Read his losse in hir deathe, hir praise in hir life.

Heare *Lucie Quinsie Bromfielde* bvried lyes
 With neighbours weeping, hartes, sighes, eies,
 Children cleaven, tenne liuinge, me she brought,
 More kinde, trewe, chaff, was noane, in deed, word, thought;
 Howse, children, state, by hir was rul'd, bred, thrives,
 One of the best of maides, of women, wives,
 Now gone to God, hir hearte sent longe before;
 In fasting, prayer, faith, hope, & almsdeedes stoare.
 If anie fault, she loued mee too muche.
 Ah! pardon that, for ther are too fewe svch!
 Then, Reader, if thou not hard hearted bee,
 Prais God for hir, bvt fighe & praie for mee.

Heare by hir dead, I dead desire to lye,
 Till, rais'd to life, wee meet no more to dye.

1618.

Titchfield, Hants.

1619. *Elizabeth & Gertrude Leigh.*

To the remembrance of the two most worthie & religious Gentlewomen, his late deare & loyall uiues, *Mrs. Elizabeth Bampffield* who died vijth march 1615, Having bin y^e Mother of 15 hopful children. And *Mrs. Gartrude Parcevall* who dyed childles the xxij of decemb^r 1619, was this monument consecrated by their louing & sorrowful¹ husband BAR-NABAS LEIGH.

Since neither Penne nor Pencill can set forth
Of these two matchles Wives the matchles worth,
W[']are forc't to cover in this silent Tombe
The Prayers of a chaste & fruitful Wombe :
And with Death's fable vail in Darknes hide
The ritch rare Vertues of a barren Bride.
Sweet faint-like Paire of Soules in whom did shine
Such models of Perfection faeminine.
Such pietie, Love, Zeale, that tho' we finners
Their Lives have lost : Yet still themselves are winners.
For they, secure, Heaven's Happines inherit,
Whilst we lament their Losse, admire their Merit.

Arreton, I. of Wight.

¹ He had married a 3rd. wife at the date of erecting this.



1619. *Elizabeth Leigh.*

The religious & Vertuous Ladie, ELIZABETH LEIGH,
Daugh^r of JOHN DINGLEY, Esquire, late Wife of Sir
JOHN LEIGH, Knight, Died y^e 27 day of Octob^r Ano.
Dni. 1619. And lyeth here interred.

Sixteene a Maid & fiftie yeares a Wife
Make y^e Summe totall of my passed life.
Longe Thred, soe finelie spunne, soe fairlie ended,
That fewe shall match this Patterne, fewer mend it :

What Friends, what Children, what blest Marriage,
 Dead I forgette ; liuinge I light esteemed
 For thy deare Loue (O Christe) y^t has redeemed
 My soule from Hell ; & shorthlie shall vpraise
 This mortall Dvft, in Heaven to singe thy Praise.

Arreton, I. of Wight.



1619. *William Keeling.*

Here lyeth the bodye of y^e right worthie WM. KEELING
 Esquire, Groome of y^e Chamber to our Sovereign Lorde
 KING JAMES, General for the Hon. *East India Adventur-
 turers*, where he was thrice employed, & dying in this *Ile*
 at the age of 42, an : 1619, Sep : 12. hath this remembrance
 been fixed by his louing & sorrowfull Wife *Anne Keeling*.

Fortie & two yeares in this Veffell fraile
 On the rough Seas of Life did *Keeling* faile
 A Merchant fortunate, a Captaine bould.
 A Courtier graciosvs, yett alas ! not old.
 Svch Worth, Experience, Honour & high Praise
 Few winne in twice soe many yeares & daies.
 Bvt what y^e worlde admired, he deem'd bvt droffe
 For CHRIST ; without *Christ* all his Gain bvt losse ;
 For Him & His deare Loue, with merrie cheere
 To the Holy Land his last course hee did steere :
Faith serued for Sailes, the sacred *Word* for Card,
Hope was his Anchor, Glorie his Reward :
 And thvs with gales of Grace, by happie Venter
 Through Straits of Deàth, Heaven's Harbour he did enter.

Carisbrook, I. of Wight.



1620. *Richard Swift.*

R eader knowe that this narowe earthe
I nclofeth one whose name & worthe
C an liue when marbell falls to dvfte :
H onor'd abroad for wife & iuste,
A fke the Ruffe & Sweden, theis
R eport his prudence with their peace.
D eare when at home, to his fayth giv'n
S teadfast as earthe, deuovt to Heaven.
W ise merchant he some storms endvr'd,
I n y^e beste porte his soule fecvr'd.
F or feare thou should'ft forget his name
T is the first Epitaphe of fame.

Bakenham, Suffolk.



1620. *Robert Longe.*

*The life of Mann is a trewe Lottarie,
Where venterouse Death draws forth lotts shorte & longe :
Yet free from fraude & partiall flatterie,
Hee shuft'd Sheildes of feuerall size amonge,
Drewe LONGE : & soe drewe longer his short daies,
Th' Auncient of daies beyonde all time to praise.*

Broughton-Gifford, Wilts.



1620. *John & Berseba Taylor.*

The blessed token of the Daughter's loue,
Vnto the Father's kind and louing care,
May to the World this monument approue,
How blessed Parents in their children are :
And blessed God, that so his loue expresseth
Who thus both Parents & the Children blesteth.

S. Margaret, Lothbury.



c. 1620. — *Meredeth.*

Life is the Day of Grace, and Death the Night;
 Live well, who knows when he shall loose the Light.
 Soe did the tenant of this tombe, for hee
 Made hast to purchase Immortalitie.
 Death finding him receaving Cvstomes, Lookes,
 Tymes, Records, fymde his days, and cross'd the Bookes.
 And now the Cvstomer's from Cvstomes free,
 He paid to Nature what her Dvties bee.
 Scarce had hee ranne ovt halfe his race of life,
 When Heaven and Earth to have him were at Strife:
 Whose active Sovle wore ovt his flesh foe nigh,
 Twas time she shovld the tired corps lay by.
 To bad men death is fad; when good men dy,
 It is then Birth to ioyes eternitie:
 Iudg then, what hee did loose who lost bvt breath,
 Liv'd to die well, and dyed a MEREDETH.

Non tam orba quam mortalitas finita.

[No Christian name or date.]

Marshfield, Somerset.1620. *Sarah Haydon.*

Apollo moist this tomb with tears
 For such great los in tender years.
 Vertue's hope now is dead,
 And fro' earth to Heaven is fled.
 Wit's perfection with pure spirit
 Doth an Angel's place inherit.
 Stay in that celestial skie,
 Where thou shalt live and never die.

Ottery S. Mary, Devon.

1621. *Gabriel Laurence.*

With diligence & trust most exemplary
Did *Gabriel Laurence* serve a Prebendary.
And for his paines, (now passed before, not lost,)
Gained this remembrance at his Master's cost.
Oh! read these lines againe, you seldom find
A Servant faithful, and a Master kind.

Short-hand he wrote—his flow'r in prime did fade,
And hasty Death *short-hand* of him hath made.
Well couth he numbers, & well measured land,
Thus doth he now that ground whereon you stand:
Wherein he lies so geometricall,
Art maketh some—but this will nature all.

Ob. Dec. 28, 1621. aetat. 29.

Westminster Cloisters.



1622. *John Day, Vicar.*

This portraiture presents him to thy sight
Who was a burninge and a shininge light:
But now, consv'm'd to ashes, here hee lyes
Who spent himselfe to lighten others' eies.

Pinner, Middlesex.



1623. *Anne Hathaway, wife of Mr. William Shakspeare.*

Vbera, tum mater, tu lac vitamq dedisti
Vae mihi; protanto munera saxa dabo!
Quam malleam amoveat lapidem, bonus Angel' ore'
Exeat ut Christi corpus, imago tua,
Sed nil vota valent, venias cito Christe resurget
Clavsa licet tumulo mater, et astra petet.

Stratford-on-Avon.

[Written by Dr. John Hall.]



1623. *William Bourschier, Earl of Bath.*

HOC FAC ET VIVIS.

BATHON^{us} COMITI DEVON^{is} PRÆFECTO MEMORI^æ ERGO

Mors mihi lvcrvm	Ana Crono Epi	Bon Temps viendra
Morior . . Orior	Gramma	Finis . . Coronat

In } sepul { tv̄m
Ad } { chr̄vm

Gvlielmvs Bovrchier

Ana

Lvge (fi ob lvcrvm Heri)

Quid tibi vult Tv̄mvlvs? quæve hæc insignia lvc̄tûs?

Eft Comes in Svperos ecce Locumq̄ tenens!

Qvare fles, Devonia? vel, Bathonia, qvare?

EXIIIt en bon teMps nVnCq̄ VlenDra patet (Crono)
IVLIVS, hoc, mensis fvit AVGVSTISSIMVS, anno

Atq̄ SECVNDA (decem jvnge) SECVNDA dies

Non amor, invidia est, Dolor, evge, lege, ALME VIATOR,

Et difce exemplo VIVERE, difce mori,

Sic cecinit, non flevit.

Tawstock, Devon.



1623. *William Penell.*

This stone that couers earth & claye

Longe in y^e earth vncouered laye :

Man forc't it from y^e mother's wombe,

And made therof for man a tombe.

And nowe it speakes, and thvs doeth saye . .

The life of man is but a daye :

The daye will pafs, the night mvst come :

Then here, poore man, is all thy roome.

The writer & the reader mvst,

Like this good man, be turned to dvste :

He liued well, & foe doe thou :
Then feare not deathe, when, where, or howe
It comes : 'twill end all greiffe & paine,
And make thee euer liue againe.

Lindridge, Worc.



1623.

Pastor eram, dum pastor eram : nunc fistula dulcis
Nunc tuba, quâ torvum spreuit ovile lupum :
Sic ductans teneros fidus cum matribus agnos
Edocui juvenes, admonuique senes.

Orwell, Camb.



1623. *John Hellierd.*

Decimo Tertio die Decembris ano dni 1623
Of Iohn. Hellierd Gentle. who dyed this day.
Wee that are livinge have iust cause to say
That never man dyed more Christian like death
Which to vs appeared even by his last breath.
As terefore his body doth herevnder rest
So dovbteles his soule in heaven is blest.
For we finde in te Scriptvre by facred record
That blessed are they who dy in the Lord.
God gravnt vs all then his mercy and grace
So to end this life that in heaven we may have place
There to remaine for ever and ever
With Abrm and Isaack and this my deare father.
Per me Na : Hellierd filium prdci iohis.

Road, Somerset.



1623. *Tobie Waterhous.*AN^o Dⁿⁱ 1623 . IVNE . 14.

Tobie Waterhous aged fowre yeares & fixe moneths full of
 grace & truthe As a vessell not as y^e fountaine . depted this
 life . the youngest sone

of

Tobie Waterhous Doc^r
 in Divinitie
 The youngest sonne of
 Gregorie Waterhous Esqr
 The youngest sonne of
 Robert Waterhous of y^e
 Moote Hall in Halli-
 faxe in Yorkshire Esqr.

Elizabeth Copley
 Daughter of Edward
 Copley of Southill
 in Bedfordshire
 Esquire.

Both Life & Grace in the, sweet babe, Like paralells rann on
 When sudden death did seeme to make their points to meet
 in one,

But then on the did Life & Grace, thy paralells attend
 Whose equall *Lenght* keeps equall *Bredth*, Now, never
 meeting End.

Whitwell, Derb.1623. *William Burgoin.*

Here lyes *Will Burgoin*, a Squire by descent,
 Whose death in this world many people lament :

The Rich for his love,
 The Poor for his alms,
 The Wife for his knowledge,
 The Sick for his balms.

Grace he did love & Vice control,
 Earth has his Bodye & Heaven his Soule.
 The 12th daye of Auguft in the morn dyed he

I 6 and 2 3.

Arlington, Devon.

1624. *Humphrey Cole.*

Hic jacet Humphridus carbo, carbone notandus
Non nigro, creta sed meliora tua.

Claruit in clero, nulli pietate secundus
Coelum vi rapuit, vi cape si poteris.

Ob: 27 Mart: 1624. aet: 77.

Tillingham, Essex.



c. 1625. *On a monument erected in honour of the FORTESCUE FAMILY. At the top is an Eye surrounded by clouds, with issuant rays; beneath kneeling figures, and medallions containing busts of several generations of children.*

Stay, Reader, stay, this structure seems t' invite
Thy wandering Eyes, on it to fixe thy fight.
In this Pile's summit thou mayst descrie
Heaven's all beholding & all guiding Eye
That sheds his benediction's gracious beames
Of Love & Goodness on these fruitfull streames
Of numerous issue, sprong from nuptiall tyes
With various antient worthy families.
Here is in briefe presented to thy viewe
The long liv'd race of honoured FORTESCUE
Combin'd in holiest rites, on Time's faire scroll
Wth CHICHESTER, then SPECCOTT, last with
ROLLE.

And long & wide may sacred Grace and Fame
Produce & propagate this generous Name
That it may brooke what Honour gave in field
Le fort Escue, the strong & lasting Shielde.
A Shielde not only their own righte to fence
But also to repell wrong's violence.
Which, that it may accordingly be done
Pray, Reader, pray GOD be their Shielde & Sunne.
HUGO FORTESCUE, sCutiger, sVperstes, Vir Mariæ
Rolle, iſthoc fieri fecit, honoris cauſâ.

Wear Gifford, Devon.



1625. *Mary Holdsworth.*

THE LORD GAVE

[her a pious christian

A dutiful child, an
affectionat sifter, and
an obliging neighbour,
an affable inderingFriend.] THE LORD HATH
TAKEN AWAY [her a Virgin,
redeemed from among
men to be with the LAMBE.Having the name of the
LAMBE and of his FATHER
written in her for : head.Rev. I.] BLESSED BE THE NAME OF
THE LORD.*South Stoneham, Hants.*1625. *Sir Lawrence Tanfield.*Here shadows lie
Whilst earth is fadd ;
Still hopes to die
To him shee hadd.In bliffe is hee
Whom I loved best ;
Thrice happy shee
With him to rest.So shall I bee
With him I loved ;
And he with mee,
And both us blessed.Love made me poet,
And this I writt ;
My heart did do it,
And not my witt.*Burford, Oxon.*

[Written by his wife.]



1625.

Memoriæ Sacrum

LAURENTIO & MARIÆ CALDWELL conjugibus,
sacro fœdere junctis, & duodenæ Prolis Parentibus, Quorum
Uxor & Mater MARIA obiit Octobris xx. Anno Dom. 1621.
Maritus & Pater LAURENTIUS Novemb. 21, 1625.
Septuagenariis utrisq. Liberalibus & suis, & de suis. Hoc
Sepulchrum posuere parentalis hæredes Bonitatis, Filii eorum
observantissimi: Quos defunctos & Deus habet, et pauperes
carendo lugent.

Omnia Offa justî custodit Dominus.

Here is lodg'd a loving Pair,
Sleeping, rest they free from Care.
Though their journey, from their Birth,
Had been tedious long on Earth,
He that freed them from their Sin
Sent them to this holy Inn.
Joyful *Requiems* for to sing
Hallelujahs to their King
Til the Summons, til the Day;
Til the Trump found *Rise, Away.*

S. Michael, Cornhill.



1626. *John Jarret, Grocer.*

Some cal'd him GARRET, but that was too high,
His name was IARRET that here doth lye:
Who in his life was toft on many a wave,
And now he lyes anchor'd in his own grave.
The Church he did frequent while he had breath,
He desir'd to lye therein after his death.
To heaven he is gone, the way before,
Where of Grocers there is many more.

S. Saviour's, Southwark.



1627. *Anne Dunche.*

In honour of good Mrs. ANNE DUNCHE,
 Y^e Charitable,
 Wife to good Mr. EDMUND DUNCHE,
 Y^e Hospitable.
 Both sweetly paradis'd in Eternity :
 Reader, praise God, & pray for her Posterity.

Little Wittenham, Bucks.

1627. *Ralph Tyer, Vicar.*

London bred me . . . Westminster fed me
 Cambridge sped me . . . my sifter wed me
 Study taught me . . . living fought me
 Learning brought me . . . Kendal caught me
 Labour pressed me . . . sickness distressed me
 Death oppressed me . . . the grave possessed me
 God first gave me . . . Christ did save me
 Earth did crave me . . . and . . . heaven would have me.

Kendal, Westmoreland.

1627, 8. *James Hardy & Elizabeth his Wife.*

Were here no Epitaph nor Monument,
 Nor line, nor marble to declare the intent,
 Yet goodnes hath a lasting memorie,
 The *Just* are like to Kinges that never dye.
 Their death a passage or translation is,
 An end of woes, an orient to Blisse.
 Thrice happy covple that doe now posses
 The fruits of thine good works & holynes,
 Now God rewards their allmes & charitye,
 Their strict observinge of Saboath's pyetic.
 Here were they went to spend ther seaventhe day,
 Heere was their loue, their life, their Heaven's way.

Here they did pray, bvt now they prayfes finge,
And God accepts their fowles fwuete Offeringe,
Onelye their bodyes heere remaine in grovnde,
Waitinge the fvrge of the laft Trvmpt's fovnd.

Dagenham, Effex.



1628.

To the fared memory of that worthy & faithful minifter of
Chrift Mafter RICHARD STOCK; who deceafed
Aprill 20, 1626, fome of his loving parifhioners have confe-
crated this monument of their never-dying loue, Jan. 28, 1628.

Thy lifelefle Trunke
(O Reverend Stocke,)
Like Aaron's rod
Sprouts out againe;
And after two
Full winters paff,
Yields Bloffomes
And ripe fruit amaine.
For why, this work of pietye,
Performed by fome of thy Flocke
To thy dead corpe and fared vrne,
Is but the fruit of this old Stocke.

All Hallows, Bread Street.



1629. *Marya Arundell.*

Marya Arundell—Man a dry Laurel
Man to the marigold compar'd may bee,
Men may be liken'd to the laurell tree:
Both feede the eye—both pleafe the optic fenfe;
Both foone decaye—both fuddenly fleete hence;
What then infer you from her name but this
Man fades away—Man a dry Laurell is.

Duloe, Cornwall.



1629. *Richard Best.*

If, Who lyes here? thou dost enquire,
 Reade, and foe haue thy desire.
Richard Best his name, and free
 O' th' Haberdashers' companye.
 Y^e priueledg of Merchauntes hee
 Did clayme with y^e like libertye.
 The yeares that here he passed ore
 Wanted bvt one of fowerscore:
 Fourty yeares hee abroad did toyle,
 The rest he spent in his owne soyle.
 Free from wedlocke, care, or stryfe,
 Hee wedded was to single life.
 To haue more spoke hee did deserue
 Bvt 'twas his will that this should serue.

Hee dyed y^e 26 of Aprill

1629.

Geddington, Northants.

1630. *Ellen Reson.*

The Charnel mounted on the W	}	ALL.
Sits to be seen in Funer		
A Matron plain, Domestic		
In care and pains continu		
Not flow, not gay, nor prodig		
Yet neighbourly and hospit		
Her children vii yet liuing		
Her 67th yeare hence did c		
To rest her bodye natur		
In hope to rise spiritu		

Hadleigh, Suffolk.



1630. *Humphrey Brown.*

Humphrey Brown, Merch^t. ob: March 22, 1630. Also Elizabeth his Wife, daughter of *George White* of this Citie, Merchant.

Here lyes a BROWN, a WHITE, y^e colours one,
Pale drawn by death, here shaded by a Stone;
One house did hold them both whilst life did last,
One grave doe hold them both now life is past.

S. Werburgh, Bristol.



1630. *Dorothy Pytt.*

Here lyes, diuorced from her hvsbande's side,
One that by death is made her Saviour's bride:
For on *Good-Friday* He did her betroth
Vnto himselfe for euer where he goth:
And thvs vnited she a guest became
Vnto the Marriage Svpper of y^e Lambe.
Leauing her earthly mate grief to svstaine:
Till death, by striking him, weds her againe.
O languish then, my soule, vntill I see
My dearest wife in her felicitie.

Ombury, Salop.



1630: *Richard White.*

In memoriam Ricardi White infantuli beatissimi

in re
Qui a peccato natus
fine de

A lavacro simul et vitâ deceffit, in vitam auspicato albus
eternam.

Nailsea, Somerset.



1631. *Edward St. Maur, the Infant Son of Wm. St. Maur,
Earl of Hertford.*

SPEECHLESS THO' YET HE WERE, SAY ALL WE CAN
THAT SAW, HE PROMISE DID A HOPEFULL MAN.
SVCH FRAME OF BODY, SVCH A HOLY SOVLE,
ARGV'D HIM WRITTEN IN THE LONG LIV'D ROVLE.
BVT NOW WEE SEE, BY SVCH AN INFANT'S LOSSE,
ALL ARE BVT INFANT HOPES, WHICH DEATH MAY CROSSE.

Collingbourne Ducis, Wilts.



c. 1631. *Edward Cordell.*

Heere *Edward Cordell*, Squier, lyes;
Who when he life possest,
Had place among the learn'd and wife,
And credit with the best.
Abigail Henningham, his wife
This Monument prepar'd,
For loue to him, who in his life,
To loue her well declar'd.
God hath his foule, this earth his earth,
Her heart his loue still keeps,
The ods 'twixt you and him is breath,
Which gone, all flesh thus sleepest.

S. Dunstan's-in-the-West.



1632. *George Bolles, Lord Mayor.*

He possessed Earth as he might Heauen possesse
Wife to doe right, but never to oppresse,
His charity was better felt than knowne,
For when he gaue there was no trvmpet blowne.
What can more be comprized in one man's fame,
To crowne a foule, and leave a living name?

S. Swithin, Cannon Street.



1632. *Sir Rogers Manners.*

In memory of the Right Noble, Learned and Religious Knight, Rogers Manners of Whitwell in the County of Derby, who dyed the 17 of July Anno 1632.

A living académie was this Knight
Divinitye, the arts, the touns, what might
In learned schooles exactly, be profest
Tooke up their lodginge in his Noble breast
Till death like Church distroyers did pull downe
MANNERS, true fabricque and the arts renowne.

Whitwell, Derb.



1633. *Meneleb Rainsford, aged 9.*

GREAT JOVE HATH LOST HIS GANYMEDE I KNOW
WHICH MADE HIM SEEK ANOTHER HERE BELOW
AND FINDINGE NONE, NOT ONE LIKE VNT0 THIS
HATH TA'NE HIM HENCE INTO ETERNALL BLISS.
CEASE THEN FOR THY DEAR MENELEB TO WEEP
GOD'S DARLINGE WAS TOO GOOD FOR THEE TO KEEP :
BVT RATHER IOYE IN THIS GREAT FAVOUR GIVEN,
A CHILD IS MADE A SAINT IN HEAVEN.

Henfield, Suffex.



1634. *Roger Earth.*

From Earth wee came, to Earth wee must retvrne,
Witnes this EARTH that Lyes within this VRNE.
Begott by EARTH : Borne also of Earth's WOMBE,
74 yeares Lived EARTH, Now Earth's his TOMBE.
In Earth EARTH's Body Lyes Vnder this STONE,
Bvt from this Earth to Heauen EARTH's soyle is gone.

Roger Earth : Armigr̃.

Obijt - 3^o - die. APRILIS.

1634.

Dinton, Wilts.



1634. *Richard & Lucy Reynell.*

Friends, you that reede our names that counsell take
Wch being dead our living names doe speake.

Richardo ☞☜ Lucye Reynell.

Anag. ad

CARE LERN LIVE & DYE RICH.

who Care to Live who Live & loue to leaRne
who leArne to dyE shal In their Deaths dYcerne
such caRes rewaRde thVs live You all in whiCh
you shal livE happy aNd beE sure dyE rycH.

Woolborough, Devon.

1634. *Rev. John Dickes.*

Hic jacet reverendus Johannes Dickes hujus ecclesiae rector,
denatus Augusti 4^o, 1634^o.

Hic, haec, hoc, hunc, huic, hujus, bonus, optima clarum,
Fulgor, fama, decus, vestit, adhaeret, erit,
Mente, anima, o, requiem vivens ΑΙΟΕΚΑΕΤΟΣ ille,
Carfit honore sacro : jam super astra manet.

Dunkerton, Somerset.

1635. *Thomas Pierce.*

Here Lyeth Thomas pierce whom no man taught,
Yet he in Iron, Brasse, and silver wrought.
He Jacks, and Clocks, and watches (with art) made,
And mended too when others worke did fade.
Of Berkeley five tymes Mayor this artift was,
And yet this mayor, this artift was but grasse,
When his own watch was downe on the Last Day
He that made watches had not made a Key
To winde it up, but uselesse it must lie
Untill he Rise Againe no more to die !

Died Feb. 1635 a.d. æt. 77.

Berkeley, Glouc.



1635. *Robert Graye.*

Confecrated To The Bleffed Memory Of
Robert Graye Efq. And Founder.

Taunton Bore Him : London Bred Him :
Piety Train'd Him ; Virtue Led Him :
Earth Enrich'd Him : Heaven Careft Him :
Taunton Bleft Him : London Bleft Him :
This Thankful Town : That Mindful City :
Share His Piety And His Pity.
What He Gave, And How He Gave It,
Ask The Poor And You Shall Have It.
Gentle Reader, Heaven May Strike
Thy Tender Heart To Do The Like.
Now Thine Eyes Have Read The Story,
Give Him The Praise, And GOD The Glory.

ÆTATIS SVÆ 65. ANNO DOM. 1635.

S. Mary Magdalene, Taunton.



1635. *Thomas Parr.*

The Old, Old, very Old Man, THOMAS PARR, was
Born at the Glyn, within This Chapelry of Great Willaston,
and Parish of Alberbury, in the County of Salop, In the
Year of our Lord, 1483. He lived in the Reigns of Ten
Kings and Queens of England (viz) K. Edw. 4, K. Edwd.
5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7th, K. Hen. 8th, K. Edw. 6,
Q. Mary, Q. Eliz., K. James 1st, and K. Charles 1st; died
the 13 and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 15th
of November, 1635, Aged 152 years and 9 Months.

Great Willaston, Cheshire.



1635. *Thomas Randolph, Poet.*

*Memoriae Sacrum Thomae Randolph, inter pauciores felicissimi
atque facillimi ingenii juvenis, necnon majora promittentis, si
fata visum non invidissent saeculo.*

Here sleepe thirteene together in one tombe,
And all these great, yet quarrel not for rome,
The muses & the graces here did meete,
And graved these letters on the churlish sheete :
Who, having wepte their fountains dry,
Through the conduit of the eye,
For their friend who here doth lye,
Crept into his grave & dyed,
And soe the riddle is vntyed.
For which this church, proud that the fates bequeath
Unto her ever honoured trust
Soe much & that soe precious dust,
Hath twined her temples with an ivy wreath :
Which should have laurel been,
But that the grieved plant, to see him dead,
Took pet, & withered.

*Cujus cineres brevi hâc (quâ potuit) immortalitate donat
Christopherus Hatton, Miles de Balneo et Musarum amator
illius vero, quem deflemus, supplenda carminibus, quae marmoris
et aeris scandalium manebunt perpetuum.*

Blatherwycke, Northants.

1635. *Thomas Bannatine.*

“Hodie mihi, Cras tibi.

Vita quid est hominis ? Flos, umbra et fumus, arista ;
Illa malis longa est ; illa bonis brevis est.”

To day is mine, tomorrow yours may be ;
Each mortal man should mind that he must die.

What is man's life ? a shade, a smock, a flower,
Short to the good, to the bad doth long endure.

If thou list that passeth by,
Know who in this Tomb doth ly:
THOMAS BANNATINE, abroad
And at home who served God.
Though no children he posselt,
Yet the LORD with means him blest.
He on them did well dispose,
Long ere death his eyes did close.
For the poor his helping hand,
And his friends his kindness fand:
And on his dear bedfellow
JANET M^e MATH he did bestow,
Out of his lovelie affection,
A fit and goodly portion.
Thankful she herself to prove,
For a sign of mutual love,
Did no pains nor charges spare
To sett up this fabrick rare:
As ARTEMISE, that noble dame,
To her dear MAUSOLUS' name.

He died 16th July 1635 & of his age 65.

Oh! that men were wise to {
Know the multitude of those that are
to be damned, the paucity of those
that are to be saved, and the vanity
of transitory things.
Understand evil committed, good
things omitted, and the loss of time.
Foresee the danger of death, the last
judgment, and eternal punishment.

Grey Friars, Edinburgh.



1636. *Cicely Puckering.*

Anagrama.

Mistres Cissely Puckering

I sleep secure, Christ's my King;

Death's terrors nought affright mee, nor his sting;

I sleep secure for Christ's my Sovereigne King.

S. Mary's, Warwick.1636. *Sir Julius Caesar.*¹

Omnibus Tri fidelibus ad quos hoc presens
Scriptum peruenerit: Sciatis, me Julium Adelmare
Alias Caesarem militem: utriusq; juris Doctorem: Elizabe-
thae Reginae supremæ curiæ Admiralitatis Judicem, et
unum e Magistris libellorum: Jacobo Regi a priuatis con-
silijs, Cancellarium scaccarij, et Sacrorum Scriniorum Magistrum
hac presenti Carta mea Confirmasse me annuente Diuino
numine naturæ debitum libenter soluturum quam primū
Deo placuerit. In cuius rei testimonium manum meam
et sigillum opposui. datum. 88vi

Februarij a^o dⁿⁱ mDC888v*Jul. Caesar.*

Per ipsum, tempore mortis suæ, Carolo
regi a priuatis Consilijs, nec non Rotulo-
rum Magistrum, vere pium, Apprime
literatum, pauperibus in portu Charitatis re-
ceptaculum, patriæ, filiis et Amicis suis percharif-
simum, solutum est. Obijt. 18 Die Aprilis

a^o dⁿⁱ 1636. *AETATIS suæ, 79.*

IRROTULATUR CAELO.

S. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

¹ "Who, feeling the ruling passion strong in death, moulded his epitaph in the form of a deed, to which he affixed his broad seal, which is 'railed,' and also its enrolment in a court, superior, how-
ever, to that in which he used to preside."—*Annals of S. Helen's*, by Rev. J. E. Cox, D.D.



1636. *Grate Grylls.*

Here lyeth Grace a flower gay,
Far passing all the flowers of May,
Even at the spring time of the yeare
Was pluckt, & feicht as fit to bee
In hands of higheft majesty.
Then let us prayse God for this
That she is crown'd with endlesse blifs.

Totnes, Devon.



1637. *John Knowler.*

Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a china dish that must
Be used in Heaven when God shall feed the just.
Approv'd by all, and loued so well,
Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

Herne, Kent.



1637. *Elizabeth Bedingsfield.*

Elizabethæ Bedingsfield
sorori Francesca suae
S. R. Q. P.

My name speakes what I was, and am, and haue,
A Bedding field, a peece of earth, a graue :
Where I expect until my soule doth bring
Unto the field an euerlasting spring.
For rayse and rayse out of the earth and flyme
God did the first, and will the second tyme.

Obijt die 10 maij. 1637.

S. Giles', Norwich.



1637. *Thomas Harris.*

Fear not to die,
Learn this of me,
No fear in death,
If good thou be.

*Ashburton, Devon.**[Also at Kenne, Devon, to Amias Southcott.]*1637. *Nicholas Hookes.*

Here lyeth y^e bodye of Nich : Hookes of Conway Geⁿ. who
was y^e 4th child of his Father William Hookes Esqre.
by Alice his Wife, and y^e Father of 27 children, who
dyed y^e 20th day of March 1637.

Conway.1637. *Joseph Fletcher.*

To the memorie of the pious & worthily deserving MR.
JOSEPH FLETCHER, late Rector of this Church. He
departed this life the 28th of September, 1637, Aged 60
yeres.

*Rectores bini simul sine pneumate vivunt
Qui dum spirarunt VERUS uterq; fuit
Nomine VERUS erat prior, alter nomine FLETCHER
Re verus verum quem Via Vera docet.*

Two Parsons here under one stone are lay'd,
Who whiles they liv'd were both true parsons say'd :
The first was True by name, Fletcher indeed,
Who left for all the *True-Way* booke to read ;
Who doth, tho' dead, to all the true way tread,
Whose booke the *True-Way* still the truth doth spread.

Wilby, Suffolk.

1637. Charles & Grace Cutcliffe.

τὰ πάντα καὶ ἐν πᾶσι Χριστός

In memoria { CAROLI
et
beata { GRATIÆ } CVTCLIFFE

Annagrammata in nomina eorum.

CAROLVS CVTCLIFFE } Thou mayst bend to thy
Cruci flectas fluo } crosse I passe away . . .

GRATIA CVTCLIFFE } He doth afflict, and
Affligit ac curet } he can cure.

Christian you may him inset: Grace doth become hir all so fit
Here unto death y^t trod y^e track, Right deare whose loue to none was flit
A tender husband I him call; A louing wife was she withal
Regarding for to doe justly Compassion could not denie
Lacked, and bewail'd w^t greife, Euen when y^t death did bereave
Elder age & foe weaker youth Could hardly nearer be cut off
Sure fortnight's day in w^{ch} died he Vnto the earth returned shew

HE DYED

OCTOBER 25

1637

ÆTAT 60.

SHE BVRIED

NOVEM 8

1637

ÆTAT 33.

CHARLES founds of FORTITUDE yet courteous he;
Vnto all forts seem'd rather still to bee
Her name and disposition ioin'd in one:
Though name behind yet GRACE wth her is gone.
Theise two so liud and loud together,
That death it selfe could not them feuer,
One bed, one board, gaue them content:
And now one graue with free consent
Whose BODYES here interred were,
There SOVLES (we hope) celestiall are
Who stil were friends unto the best
And that with such they now do rest.

VIVERE TV MORIENS MVNDANVS DISCAS AB ILLIS
VT VIVAS CÆLIS QVOD SINE FINE, CVPIIS.

Ilfracombe, Devon.



1637. *Gilbert Staplehill, once Mayor of Dartmouth.*

BEHOLD THYSELFE BY MEE
I WAS AS THOV ART NOW
AND THOV IN TYME SHALT BEE
EVEN DVST AS I AM NOW
SO DOTH THIS FIGVRE PAYNT TO THEE
THE FORME AND STATE OF EACH DEGREE.

S. Saviour's, Dartmouth, Devon.



1637. *Elizabeth Eyre, wife of Thos. Eyre, Gent, & daughter of John Verbury, Gent.*

Here lyes an Heire who to an Heire was ioyn'd,
And dying lefte a little Heire behind.
Hard hearted Death herein was somewhat mild,
He tooke y^e mother byt he spar'd y^e Child.
Yett th'one's more happy farre than is the other,
The Child's an Heire on earth, in Heaven y^e Mother,
Where with tryumphant Saints & Angels bright,
She now enioies her blessed Saviour's fight.

Bromham, Wilts.



1638. *George Southcote, Thomas & Mary Southcote; & Mary Colman their daughter.*

Here in one bed of earth asleep doe lye
Three generations, for they did not dye,
Nor loose a being, but exchanged, and must
At the trump's found awake out of this dust.
Here's but their corps, in heaven their soules do dwell,
Live heere, so to live there with them; farewell.

Calverleigh, Devon.



1638. *Denys Rolle.*

The Remaines of
DENYS ROLLE

Esquire.

His earthly part within this tombe doth rest,
Who kept a Court of Honour in his breast;
Birth, Beautie, Witt & Wisdom fate as Peeres,
Till Deathe mistooke his vertues for his yeares;
Or else Heaven envy'd Death so rich a treasure,
Wherein too fine the Ware, too scant the measure.
His mournful Wife her loue to shew in part,
This Tombe built here; a better in her heart:
Sweete Babe, his hopefull Heyre (heaven grante this Boon)
Liue but so well; but oh! dye not so soon.

Obijt { Dñi. 1638.
Aetatis 24.

Reliquit Fili { um unum.
as quinque.

Bicton, Devon.



1638. *Thomas Brook, of Newhouse, Gentleman.*

In the Church
Mylitant I fout
so unshaken:
that to the
Church tryp
hant I am taken.
I am one o'th'
Church still.
Greeve not frends
to know me ad
vanced higher:
Whilst I stayd
I prayed, & now
I sing in y^e quier.
Aet. suae 87.

Huddersfield, Yorksh.



1639. *William Mafon.*

WILLIAM, fone of ARTHUR MASON
 of CORNWOOD, a hopefull Minifter
 of the Word, in his iourney
 from Exon was here with
 much loue & greife interd, May 25
 Anō Dñi: 1639. then aged 28.

MASON, how is't that thou fo foon art gone
 Home from thy worke? what, was the fault i'th'ftone,
 Or did thy hammer fayl, or didst fufpect
 Thy Master's wages would thy worke neglect?
 Chrift was thy CORNER-STONE, Chriftians the reft;
 Hammer the Word, GOOD LIFE thy Line all bleft.
 And yet art gone, 'twas honour not thy crime
 With ftone hearts to work much in little time:
 Thy Master faw't, and tooke thee off from them
 To the bright ftones of NEW IERUSALEM:
 Thy worke & labour men efteem a bafe one,
 God counts it bleft. Here lies a bleft FREE MASON.

Abbot's Kerfwell, Devon.1639. *John Moor.**Mors mihi lucrum.*

John Moor, of Moorhayes in the County of Devon, Esqr.
 aged 58 years, was buried here April 6th 1639, having by
 Mary his Wife, the daughter of Richard Coffyn of Portledge
 in the County of Devon, Esqr. 6 fonnnes & 10 daughters.

He that from home, for loue
 Was hither brought,
 Is now brought home; thus God
 For him hath wrought.

S. Mary's, Tenby.

1639. *Robert Burton, author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy."*

PAVCIS NOTVS, PAVCIORIBVS IGNOTVS
HIC JACET DEMOCRITVS JVNIOR
CVI VITAM PARITER ET MORTEM
DEDIT MELANCHOLIA.

Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.



c. 1640. *Sir William Sutton.*

Sir William Sutton corps here toombd sleepes,
Whose happy soule in better mansions keepes :
Theise nine yeares liued he with his lady faire
A louely, noble, & lyke vertuous payre.
Their generous offspring (parents ioie of heart)
Eight of each sex : of each an equal part,
Usher'd to Heaven their Father, the other
Remain'd behind him to attend their mother.

Averham, Notts.



c. 1640. *The Wife & Daughter of Dr. English, Vicar.*

Deare soules & blest ! you both delivered be,
Hauing exchanged yovr prisons before me :
Whilst I furuiue to liue & find it true
That I grieve for myself more than for you.
Nor can teares qvench my zeale, like fvneral fire
That flames for her I loued till I expire.

Sis mevs, O Jesu ! Sis Jesus, Christe, tuorum !
Sweet Saviour of Mankind
The Saviour be of mee & mine !

Sic { spirans orauit
expirans exorauit
respiciens perorabit.

Joh : English S { acri
anctae V { erbi
empiternae itae eritatis studiosus.

Cheltenham, Glouc.



1640. *John Chester, aged 3 years.*

Griev'd at the world and crimes, this early bloome
Look'd round, and sigh'd, and stole into his tombe,
His fall was like his birth, too quick this rose
Made haste to spread, and the same haste to close.
Here lies his dust, but his best tomb's fled hence,
For marble cannot last like innocence.

Chicheley, Oxon.



1641. *Dame Dorothy Selby.*

D. D. D. To the pretious name & honor of Dame
Dorothy Selby, the Relict of *Sir William Selby K^t*. the
onely daughter & heire of *Charles Benham Esqr.*

She was a Dorcas
Whose curious needle wound the abused stage
Of this leud world into the golden age,
Whose pen of steel & filken inck enroll'd
The actes of *Jonah* in records of gold.
Whose arte disclos'd that plot, which, had it taken,
Rome had triumph'd, & Britain's walls been shaken.

She was
In heart a *Lydia*, & in tongue a *Hannah*,
In zeale a *Ruth*, in wedlock a *Susanna*.
Prudently simple, providently wary,
To the world a *Martha*, & to Heaven a *Mary*.

Who put on | in the yeare | Pilgrimage, 69.
immortalitie | of her | Redeemer, 1641.

Ightham, Kent.

[*This lady is traditionally said to have written the letter which led to the discovery of the "Gunpowder Plot."* Specimens of her needlework are, or were, to be seen suspended over her tomb.]



1641. *James Rivers.*

Within this hollow vault there rests the frame
Of the high Soule which once informed the same :
Torn from the service of the State in's prime
By a disease malignant as the time :
Whose life and death designed no other end
Than to serve God, his Country, and his Friend :
Who, when Ambition, Tyranny, and Pride
Conquered the Age, conquered himself, and dyed.

Gt. S. Bartholomew's.



1641. *Elizabeth Furlong.*

ICY . AVSSI . ET . METTRE . LE . CORPS
DE . ELIZABETH . FVRLONG . LA
FILLE . DE . THOMAS . TAWLEY . DE
DITTISHAM . GEN . ET . FAME . DE
FRANCOIS . FVRLONG . LE . FILZ
DE . FRANCOIS . FVRLONG . DE
LOD DDESWILL . GEN . QVI A
ESTE . ENSEVELY . LE 15ME
IOVRE . DE . NOVEMBRE

1641.

Stoke-in-Teignhead, Devon.

[On a heart-shaped brass plate adorned with skulls, hour glasse, and crofs bones.]



1641. *Mary Whiddon.*

Reader, would'ft know who here is laid ?
Behold a Matron yet a Maid :
A modest look, a pious heart,
A *Mary* for the better part :
But drie thine eies, why wilt thou weep ?
Such damfels doe not dye but sleep.

Chagford, Devon.



1641. *Jeremiah Horrox.*

VENUS IN SOLE VISA. · Nov. 24, 1639.

In Memory of

Jeremiah Horrox, One of the Greatest
Astronomers This Kingdom Ever Produced;

Born in Toxteth Park in 1619;

Died in 1641, Aged 22.

His observations were made at Hoole,
Eight Miles from Preston, where he
Predicted, and was the First Person
Who Saw the Transit of Venus
Over the Sun.*S. Michael's in the Hamlet, Liverpool.*1643. *Thomas Turar, "twice Master of the Company of Bakers,
and twice Churchwarden of this Parish."*Like to a Baker's Oven is the grave
Wherein the bodies of the faithful have
A Setting in, and where they do remain
In hopes to Rise, and to be Drawn again;
Blessed are they who in the LORD are dead,
Though Set like Dough, they shall be Drawn like Bread.*All Saints (?) Bristol.*1643. *Dr. Ward. "Aetatis suae 125."*Here lyes Dr. Ward whom you knew well before,
He was kind to his neighbours, good to the poor.

1	2	3	4	5	6
To God,	to Prince,	Wife,	Kindred,	Friend,	the Poor,
1	2	3	4	5	6
Religious,	Loyal,	True,	Kind,	Stedfast,	Dear,
1	2	3	4	5	6
In Zeal,	Faith,	Love,	Blood,	Amity,	and Store.

He hath soe liv'd, and soe deceas'd lyes here.

Soham, Camb.

1643. *John Chishull.*

His bodye is entombd within this graue,
A fight of which his foule shall never haue :
For fayth and works against his funerall,
Haue got him place in ioyes celestially.

Dunton, Beds.



1643. *Richard Beaple, Merchant, thrice Mayor of Barnstaple.*

Weret not more wisely done if with consent
We joind to batter downe this monument.
Left when the forrowing poore lift up their eyes
They drowne the voyce o' th' sermon with their cryes :
Let that bee others doome such as can give
With liberal spirit, but onely whiles they live.
As for this senator, his nobler minde
Within one age did scorn to bee confind :
For which to future ages he conuayed
So rich a portion duly to be payed,
That thenceforth, tears being banisht, it might bring
To the orphans joy & make poore widowes sing.
Let those who'de have their monuments to stand
Take fair example from this bounteous hand.

Barnstaple, Devon.



1645. *Shilston Calmady, Knight.*

This Toomb's sublimed to a shrine, and doth containe
An holier Saint than could all legends faine,
Whose virtues supersede our spice & baulme,
Whose name perfumes y^e breath y^t sounds the fame.
As when a fly's involved in amber, 'twere
Lesse gaine than pride such sepulchre,
So life's not worth such honor as to have
Fame write his epitaph, hearts afford his grave.

Membury, Devon.



1645. *Anna Ash.*Dominus { Dedit
Abstulit.Anna Filia Richardi Ash, Ætatis Suæ Tertio
Obiit Vicefimo Quarto Die Maii1645.¹An } Ash { in Maie } cut downe { Sprouts y^e fame daie.
This } { was then } { Yet lives for aie.*On a flat stone beneath,*Rak'd up in } Ashes { here dothe } Ash { remaine,
In hope that } { shall be } { againe.Ashes to } Ash { returne shall, and arise;
Which } { in Ashes here expecting, lies.*S. Michael, Bristol (now destroyed ?)*¹ Here the figure of an Ash tree cut off in the middle.1645. *Elinor, Lady Vincent.*On the noble and
truly vertuous LadieElynor, daugh^r & COHEIRE of
Robert Mallet of Woodleigh, in the
County of Devon, Esq^{re} wife first to
S^r Arthur Acland of Acland K^{nt}. and
afterwards to S^r Francis Vincent of
Stoke Daubernon in y^e County of Surrie
K^{nt} and Baron^t; who exchanged this life
for a better Aug: y^e 10thThe year of { our Lord 1645
Her age 72Madam, to say you'r dead were but to tell
a lie, or make the Poet Infidell.You in your vertue live Immortall that
free fro y^e dart of death, or stroke of fate:You in your children live, yo^r Progenie,
and thro' a kind of Immortalitie,

Yo^r body doth but sleep, yo^r grave's a bed,
yo^r stone a Pillowe, whereo to lye yo^r head ;
Till vertue, Children, body, soule, anon
Shall all meet in the Resurrection.

Landkey, Devon.



1646. *Annis Bailey.*

ANNIS y^e wife of JNO. BAILEY y^e Elder
ob: Nov: 21: 1646.

This stony Register is for her Bones
Her fame is more perpet^{al} yⁿ y^e stones :
And still her goodnes, tho' herself be gone,
Shall live when earth thy monuments are gone.
Who reading this can chuse but drop a tear
For such a loving Wife & Mother dear.

Holt, Wilts.



1646. *Maurice Gresham.*

So good kind courteous husband ffat
her friend that Earth and
Heaven about him did contend
Earth was desirous here to have
him rest Heaven was ambitious
there to have him blest to please
them both himself he thus divides
on Earth his corps in Heaven his
soule resides.

S. Mary's, Geddington, Northants.



1647. *William Whateley.*

To y^e memory of Mr. William Whateley, late Alderman
& once Major of this Burrough. Dyed Jan: 24. 1647.

He was like Enock in his walke,
In zeale like Phineas more than talke;
Job-like a perfect upright man,
In mercy y^e Samaritan.
A foe to error and false waies
A strict observer of God's daies.
Cast up y^e account, & when you've done
Say, we have lost many in one.

Banbury, Oxon.

1647. *Edward Lambe.*

Edward	EDWARD LAMBE	Lambe
Ever	second son of	Lived
Envied	Thomas Lambe	Laudably
Evill	of <i>Trimley</i>	Lord
Endured	Esquire.	Let ^r
Extremities	All his dayes	Like
Even	he lived a Batchelor	Life
Earnestly	well learned in Deveyne	Learne
Expecting	and Common Lawes	Ledede
Eternal	With his councill he	Livers
Eafe	helped many, yett took fees scarce of any.	Lament

He dyed the 19th of November 1647.

East Bergholt, Suffolk.

1648. *William Paget.*

Silence (Dear *Shade*) will best thy *Grave* become
And Griefe that is not only *Deepe* but *Dumbe*;
For who'll believe our *Vocal* Teares, that see
The very *Tongues* themselves here dead in *Thee*.

Twelve welspun luftres sent thee speechlefs hence
Twice child in *Age*, always in *Innocence*.
To smoothe thy entrance where true blisse doth raigne
NATVRE & GRACE would haue thee BORNE AGAINE.

Tawstock, Devon.



c. 1648. *Katherine Randall.*

K ind reader judge, here's underlaid
A hopeful, young, and virtuous maid,
T hrown from the top of earthly pleasure
H eadlong, by which she gain'd a treasure
E nvironed with heaven's power,
R ounded with angels for that hour
I n which she fell : God took her home
N ot by just law, but martyrdom.
E ach groan she fetch'd upon her bed.
R oared out aloud I'm murdered.
A nd shall this blood, which here doth lie,
'N vain for right and vengeance cry ?
D o men not think, tho' gone from hence,
A venge God can't his innocence ?
L et bad men think, so learn ye good
L ive each that's here doth cry for blood.

Stokenham, Devon.

[*She was killed in an attack on the place during the Civil Wars.*]



1648. *Thomas Cotes.*

Honest old Thomas Cotes, that sometime was
Porter at Ascott hall, hath now (alas)
Left his key, lodg, fyre, friends, & all, to have
A roome in Heaven. This is that good man's grave.
Reader, prepare for thine, for none can tell
Bvt that yov two may meete to night. Farewell.

He dyed the 20th of | Set vp at the apoyntment
November 1648 | and charges of his friend
Geo: Houghton.

Wing, Bucks.



1648. *Mary Westcott.*

Dedicated

To the pretious memorie of
 MARY the deare & onely daughter of
 GEORGE WESTCOTT Pastor of this
 Church, and of FRANCES his wife, who
 leauing this vale of miserie for a mansion
 in felicitie, was heer interred, Ianuar : 31

Anno Domini 1648, ætat :

suæ 7^o.

This Mary-gold lo heer doth shew
 MARIE worth gold lies neer below
 Cut down by death the fair'st gilt flouwr
 Flourish and fade doth in an howr
 The Marygold in sunshine spread
 (When cloudie) clof'd doth bow the head
 This orient plant retains the guise
 With splendent Sol to sett and rise
 Euen so this Virgin MARIE Rose
 In life soon nipt in death fresh growes
 With Christ her light shee set in paine
 By Christ her Lord shall rise againe
 When shee shall shine more brightly farre
 Then any twinkling radiant starre
 For bee assur'd that by death's dart
 MARY enjoys the better part.

Anag. { Maria Westcott
 { Mors evicta tuta

G. W. } P. P.
 F. W. }

*Berry Narbor, Devon.*

1649. *Thomas & George Cruse.*

Within this space two brothers heer confined,
Though by death parted, yet by death close joined;
The eldest of the two; plac'd in his tomb,
Greeted the younger with a welcome home.
They liv'd, they lov'd, & now rest in tomb,
Together sleeping in their mother's womb.

Ashburton, Devon.



1649. *Richard Ferris, Merchant, twice Mayor of Barum.*

Reader, if thou wouldst know this gemme that lyes
Cas'd in this marble, first ask the poores eyes
Who that they may preserve their deere losse safe
Write in their lasting tears his epitaph.
Then reade the Schole by him endowed t'advance
Arts 'bove our monster teeming ignorance.
If next you'd learne the prudence of the Gowne
And how he held the scales, ask the whole towne.
But lastly, view this place, which though it is
God's house by right, his zeal yet made it his.
Here would he live—here he full oft hath been
To speake to *God* & hear *God* speake to him.
So that to write his epitaph must be
To picture Justice, Arts, Faith, Charity.
Let marble quarries then elsewhere be spent
Not stones but deeds build up this monument.
Reader, this toomb speakes not unto thy eyes
But to thy hands—go thou & do likewise.

Barnstaple, Devon.



1649. *Sufanna Hall.*

HEERE LYETH YE BODY OF SVSANNA
WIFE TO JOHN HALL, GENT; YE DAVCH-
TER OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, GENT:
SHEE DECEASED YE 11TH OF JVLY, A^O
1649, AGED 66.

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wife to Salvation was good Mistrifs Hall;
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse.

Then, Passenger, ha'ft nere a teare
To weepe with her that wept with all;
That wept, but set herself to chere
Them up, with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou ha'ft ne're a teare to shed.

Stratford-on-Avon.

[It may be noted that the name Shakspeare which occurs twice on this gravestone is spelt differently.]

1650. *Sufanna Tesdale.*

Here lieth the body of M^{rs} SUSANNA TESDALE the wife of
CHRISTOPHER TESDALE, Rector of this Church whoe died
the 17th of JVLY and was buried the 19. 1650.

Susanna signifieth a lillie or a Rose.

The lillie of y^e ballies by his spirit,
His pure spirit, made me a lillie whit.
The Rose of SHARON by his Blood's merit
My soule advanced to a Rose's hight.
SUSANNA a lillie and a Rose tho' pale,
How like a whit lillie shee fading is,
By vertue of the roote of DAVID shall
With orient colour like a red ROSE rise.

Everleigh, Wilts.



1650. *Henry Parsons.*

1650.

HIC . JACET . HENRICVS . ROBERTI
PARSONII . FILIUS . QVI . EXIIT . ANNO
ÆTATIS . SVÆ . CLIMACTERICO
ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΠΡΩΤΩ

Sidbury, Devon.



1650. *Nathaniel Hellierd, Rector.*

Heere gather'd to his Father lies
An object of our obsequies ;
Whoo died desir'd, and liu'd beelou'd,
To most well known, by th' bell approu'd.
His name present may well preuent
A larger line on's monument.
Per me Robertm. filium.

Road, Somerset.



1650. *Abraham Edwards.*

Here is inte
rred the bodye
of Abraham
Edwards, gent
who was in
humed April th
e 26. Anno Dom
Chr. 1650.

Dunston, Suffex.

[*This was a common form during the Great Rebellion.*]



1650. *William Staples.*

Quod cum coelicolis habitas, pars altera nostra,
Non dolet, hic tantum me superesse dolet.
Hoc posuit moestissima vxor SARA.

S. Giles', Cripplegate.



1651. *George & Susan Laurence.*

GEORGIUS LAURENTIUS .
EGO . VTI . LAVRVS . RIGENS .
I . VNDER . LY . AS . LAUREL . DRY .
VIXIT . OCTOB : 14 . 1650 . DEVIXIT . SEP : 29 . 1651 .

SUSANA LAURENCE .
VAS . CARNE . VALENS .
A . FLESH . PREVAILING . VESSEL . FOUND .
BEAVTIFI'D . TO . LYE . VNDER . GROVND .
VIXIT . DEC : 13 . 1647 .
REVIXIT . JAN : 18 . 1650 .

S. Crofs, Hants.



1651. *Richard Coffin of Portledge, & Elizabeth his Wife.*

All heer portray'd shews one joyn'd Coffin : sent
Through heavens canopy and to earth here lent
Perfum'd with virtues and bedew'd with grace
T'adorne them with a progeny for a space
One man took life from dead Elifha's bones
Eight martiall sonns liv'd from this Coffin's loynes
With daughters seven y^t from this vine did sprout
Like olive plants their table round about
Thrice happy fruitful Coffin, may thy buds spring
And to eternity halleluiahs sing.

Alwington, Devon.



1651. *Sarah Colemore.*

HERE LYETH SARAH ELDEST DAUGHTER VNTO SIR GEORGE
SOUTHCOTT KNT THE LADY SARAH HIS SECOND WIFE &
THE CHIEFE EARTHLY COMFORT OF HER HVS BAND JOHN
COLEMORE SONN VNTO THOMAS COLEMORE GENTLEMAN
LATE OF LYSCOTT WHO DECEASED THE 28 DAYE OF
FEBRUARY 1651.

THY ASHES HERE: BVT IN MY MIND
THY LOVE & WORTH I HAVE ENSHRIN'D
SLEEPE DVST THEN TILL THY SOVLE IN STATE
DESCEND TO FETCH HENCE ITS OLD MATE
WHEN CLOATH'D WITH GLORY BOTH SHALL SHINE
FOR EVER CHRIST'S WHICH ONCE WERE MINE.

Heanton-Punchardon, Devon.

1651. *William Gaye.*

Since epitaphs have given speach to stoncs,
Their Rhetoric extorted sigh's tear's groan's :
Some teach Divinitye : but this commends :
Dryes tears, stops sighs, and strangleth groans of Friends :
Oxford's Academie foe priz'd his parts :
That it did crowne him Lawreate of Arts :
In cuntrye he read men, in Court y^e laws,
Lived both with sweet contentment and applause :
Expir'd by degrees : yet our comfort's this
That death his convoy was from paine to blisse :
Sith Temperance, Prudence, Candor, Pietye,
Transports from Grace unto Felicitie.

Monkleigh, Devon.



1651. *Robert Freeman.*

Here (Reader) reade thine own estate :
 Though young, wise, pious, such thy fate
 Must shortly be ;
 For such was he.
 Serve thou thy God, as he hath donne
 This service makes a servant sonne
 Heaven's freeman be :
 For such was he.

Bushley, Worc.1652. *Daniel Evance.*

Blest is the just man's memorie
 Both here & in Eternitie
 Being dead he yet speaketh.
 Heb. XX. iij.

In memory of the Reverend Religious and learned Preacher
DANIEL EVANCE

Who was born at London. March 2. 1613.
 And dyed at Calbourne. Dec. 27. 1652.

This monument was erected by HANNAH his mournful relict.

DANIEL EVANCE—Anagram—"I can deal even."

Who is sufficient for this thinge
 Wisely to harpe on every string
 Rightly divide the word of truth
 To babes & men, to age & youth ?
 One of a thousand—where's he found,
 Soe learned, pious, & profound ?
 Earth has but few—there is in heaven
 One who answers—"I can deal even."

Calbourne, I. of Wight.

1652. *Lucy, Lady Reynell.*

For The reLIgoVs LADY LUCy onLy Wife of y^t
Wife sIR RICH REYNEL KNIGHT Who Left Earth on y^e
ResVreCtion Day, Ap. 18th 1652.

L oe Here fate Majesty With Meekness Crownd,
V ailed Vnder Reverence was Courtship Found
C omposed Were All such Graces in Her Mind,
Y ee knew in Morralist er Christian shind.
R efuge of Strangers, Prophets jointurefs,
E asy Chirvrgeon, Poore men's Treasuresfs,
Y outh's Awe and Age's Honor; To God when
(N ot Thus to Man) Imployd in Prayers and Penn
E ate Through This Marble, if Time shall she hath
L eft Vpon Living Stones her Epitaph.

Ætatis suæ 74.

Woolborough, Devon.



1652. *Rose Dart.*

Here
Lyeth the infant
Daughter of Charels
Dart Gent: and of Rose
His Wife, who departed
Hence y^e 26 of Aprill Aⁿo Dⁿi
1652.

A Rose's springing branch no sooner bloom'd
By Death's impartial dart lyes here entomb'd
Tho' wither'd be the bud, the stock relies
On CHRIST both sure by fayth and hope to rise.

Bishop's Tawton, Devon.



1653. *Nicholas Martyn, Knt.*

Surpassing the philosopher's, this stone
 Shall turn to pearles the teares are dropt thereon,
 Since to praise worth praiseworthy doth appeare,
 This shrine makes faints of them w^{ch} offer here,
 Their spice and balme for too perfume his name
 Which rather more perfumed are by the same.

Kenton, Devon.

[*Sir N. Martyn married the dau. of Sir Shilston Calmady (p. 95.) There is a curious resemblance in style of the two epitaphs.*]

1654. *George Southcott. "Being in y^e 15 yeare of his age."*

Under this Tumbstone know there lies
 A dainty youth of richest price,
 Sone cropt by death while under age
 Through feaver's violence & rage.
 Earth keeps his body in restraint,
 But Heaven owns him for a faint.

Quisquis (adhuc vivus) monumentum
 Hoc tueris abito, Respice Te,
 Moriens vive, memento mori.

Calverleigh, Devon.

1654. *Hamon de Strange.*

Hamo, extraneus, miles, obiit 31 Maij. 1654.
 ætat: suæ 71.

In terris peregrinus eram, nunc incola coeli.

In Heaven at home, a blessed change :
 Who while I was on earth was Strange.

Hunstanton, Norfolk.



1654. *Richard Russell, Minister of the Parish.*

Looke on this liuing faint this matchles fvm
 Soe comprehensive a compendivm;
 A learned scholler painfvl labovrer
 A faithfull shepherd trve embassadovr
 An vntired watchman & A shining faint
 A byrning taper, beavty without paint.
 Bright gem hath left its caskett to be sett
 By God into a nobler coronett.
 Ripe grace now ends in glory, soe is he
 Sovnding trivmphs with the hierarchy.

S. Ervan, Cornwall.

1654. *The Wife of Dr. H. Wilkinfon.*

Here lie mother and babe both without fins,
 Next birth will make her and her infant twins.

Great Milton, Oxon.

[*The entire epitaph is far too lengthy for insertion.*]

1655. *Hugh Grove.*

HIC JACET HUGO GROVE DE ENFORD
 IN COMITATU WILTS, ARMIGER.
 IN RESTITUENDO ECCLESIAM,
 IN ASSERENDO REGEM,
 IN PROPUGNANDO LEGEM,
 ET LIBERTATEM ANGLICANAM,
 CAPTUS ET DECOLLATUS.

16 MAY 1655.

S. Sidwells, Exeter.



1655. *Elizabeth Prince.*

In memoriam *Elizabethæ* filiæ *Johannis*
Gough e comitatu *Somerfettenfis* Armigeri
 Conjugis *Leonardi Prince* hujus *Ecclesiæ*
 Pastoris quæ obiit 25^o 7^{bris} An^o Domini 1655.
 ætatis suæ 37.

Qualis erat quæras? *Κίρρον* cognoscito *Lector*
Μορφήν uix capiant, marmora, talis erat
 E meliore luto Deus hanc Naturaque finxit,
 Quippe Dei Veri uera et amantis amans :
 Corpore sic fuerat, sic mente sic undique pulchra,
 Effulgens donis (ut puto) nemo magis.
 Corpus, terra tegit, Cœli mens fede quiescit,
 Quod tibi munus erat, Væ mihi funus erit.
 Quæ scribo nil sunt luctum testantia ; non est
 Est quoniam dici non licet angit erat.

Parce mihi *Lector*, carnemque redargue inultum,
 Cura levis loquitur quæ grauis illa stupet. L. P.

Nomen { El chari
 Anag : { pnati bees.

Ilfracombe, Devon.

1655. *Mary Courtney.*

Near this a rare jewell's set
 Cloſ'd up in a cabinet
 Let no sacrilegious hand
 Breake through—'tis y^e strickte comaund
 Of the jeweller : who hath sayd
 (And 'tis fit he be obey'd)
 I'll require it safe and sound
 Both above and under ground.

Fowey, Cornwall.



1656. *Thomas & Anne Carew.*

HERE LIETH THE BODIES OF THOMAS
CAREW ESQUIER AND ANNE HIS
WIFE WHO DESESED THE 6th AND 8th
DAY OF DECEMBER AN^o DOMANI 1656

Two bodies ly beneath this stone
Whom love and marriage long made one
One soyle conioynd them by a force
Above the power of death's divorce
One flame of love their lives did bvrne
Even to ashes in their vrne
They dy bvt not depart who meet
In wedding & in winding sheet
Whom God hath knit so firme in one
Admit no separation
Therefore vnto one marble trvft
Wee leave their now vnited dvft
As rootes in earth embrace to rise
Most lovely flowers in paradise.

Haccombe, Devon.



1656. *Mrs. Amy Tooker.*

'Tis not Her Plenteous issue, nor this Pile
Her hvsbande's loue erected can beguile
Time's 'stroying hand ; for svch memorialls mvft
Themselues ly downe, wrapt in Obliujon's Dvft.
No, shee Preferu'd Her Name, So way more Svre
By Faith, Loue, Patience, So meek Life & Pvre
These, these are Spices shall embawlme Her Name
And make it Fragrant when y^e World's So flame.

Barnstaple, Devon.



1656. *Richard Richards.*

To the memory of Ric: Richards who by Gangrene lost
first a Toe, afterwards a Leg, & lastly his Life on the 7th
day of Aprill, 1656.

Ah! cruell Death, to make three meales of one,

To taste and taste till all was gone.

But know, thou Tyrant, when the trumpe shall call,
He'll find his feet, & stand when thou shalt fall.

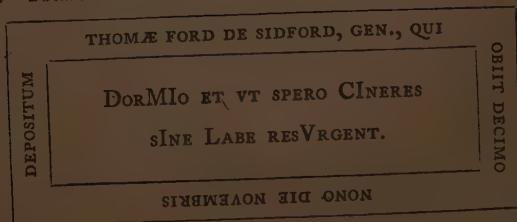
Banbury, Oxon.

1657. *Edward Penell.*

Here rests his earthy part whose soule above
Views her bright Maker face to face, & proves
Pure ioyes which shall be full & perfect, when
These broken organs shall be peec'd agen,
And reformed. Reader, before thou passe,
Take his example, a clear looking-glasse
To dresse thy soule by: learne of him to bee
Good in bad times who mayst live worfe to see.

Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.

Lindridge, Worc.

1658. *Thomas Ford.*

Ilfrington, Devon.



1658. *Anna & Dorothy Freeborn.*

Here lieth the bodys of Mrs. Anna & Mrs. Dorothy Freeborne
Wives of Mr. Samuel Freeborne ; whoe departed this life,
one on y^e 31st of July Anno 1641 ; The othar August y^e 20
Anno 1658 ; One Aged 33 yeares ; y^e other 44.

Vnder this stone two precious iems doe ly,
Equall in weight, worth, lustre, sanctity :
Yet perhaps one of them doe excell ;
Which waf't who knows ? ask him y^t knew y^m well
By long enioyement. If he thus be prest,
Hee'l pause, then answere : truly both were best :
Were't in my choice that either of y^e twain
Might be returned to mee to enioie agayne,
Which should I chuse ? Well, since I know not whether ;
Ile mourne for th' losse of both, but wish for neither.
Yet here's my comfort, herein lyes my hope,
The tyme a comeinge cabinets shall ope
Which are lockt fast : then shall I see
My Jewell's to my ioy, my Jewells mee.

Prittlewell, Essex.



1658. *On a Father & Son.*

The wine that in these earthen vessels lay
The hand of Death has lately drawn away :
And as a present sent it up on high,
Whilst heer the Vessels with the lees doe lie.

Branscombe, Devon.



1658. *Roger Gardiner & Wife.*

Roger lyes here before his hour
Thus doth Gardiner lose his flower.

Thundridge, Essex.



1658. *John Rosier, Attorney of y^e Common Bench, Auntient of Lyon's Inn.*

Loe with a *Warrant* seal'd by God's Decree,
 Death his grim *Serjeant* hath *arrested* mee,
 No *Bayle* was to be giuen, noe *Laue* could saue
 My Body from y^e *Prison* of y^e *Graue* :
 Yet by y^e *Gospell* my poore soule had got
 A *Supersedeas*, & Death seiz'd it not.
 And for my downecast Bodye here it lies,
 A Prisoner of Hope it shall arise.
 Fayth doth assure mee, God of his great Loue
 In CHRIST shall send a *Writ* for my *Remoue*,
 And sett my Bodye, as my Soule is, free
 With CHRIST to dwell. Come glorious Liberty.

Swimbridge, Devon.



1658. *Nicolas Timperley.*



Lo Time = Pearle = Ey, a Rebus, which to thee
 Speakes what I whilom Was, a *Timperley*.
 Wing'd Time is flowne, So is y^e World from me,
 A glitt'ring Pearle, whose gloffe is Vanitie.
 But th' Ey of Hope is of a nobler flight,
 To reach beyond thee (Death), enioye his fight
 Who conquer'd thee. Hence spring my hopes y^t I
 Shall rise y^e same, & more, a *Timperley*.

Deposita est haec Spes mea in sinu meo.

Iob. 19.

Nicolas Timperley, Sonne of Sir Thomas Timperley of Hintlesham in y^e Countie of Suffolke, Knight, dyed Anno dñi. 1658.

Colkirk, Norfolk.



1659. *Mary Maule & her only son child Charles.*

Reader, putt off thy shoes, thou tred'st on Holy earth,
Where lyes the rarest Phoenix & her onely Birth
Whom shee furuiu'd, O strange, vnheard of wonder,
Bvt (alas!) now dead, those pavements bvried vnder.
Lament her losse, the world grows worse; of her rare brood
There is none left, to breed the like: shee was so good,
Blest Saint! once mine Æquall; O might I now adore thee,
My Blisse, my Loue, that thou art gone before mee.
O let thy Cinders warm that Bed of Dvft for mee,
(Thy movrnfvll hvfbande) till I come by thee.

Lugens fodit G. M. supradict: sacr:

Theolog: Baccalavr:

Vange, Effex.



1660. *John & Susanna Bassett.*

Monumentum clarissimi Viri Johannis Bassett de Heanton
Court armig: qui desideratus in Christo obdormivit Augusti
calend. anno Dni. 1660, ætatis suæ 30.

Si quidquam probitas valuisset gratia si quid

Ad vitam in vivis ille fuisset adhuc.

Had lyfe to grace and goodnes here been tyed

Soe good foe gracious he had never dyed.

Huic etiam inferitur cippo

Susanna amœna prefati Johannis consors antiqua Bluettorum
(de Holcombe Rogus) prosapia oriunda quæ fatis cessit 22^o
die Aprilis, Ano Dni, 1662.

Et sic

Nobile par unâ pariter requiescit in urnâ

Uxores uxor, vir superansque viros.

Here sleepest a noble payre who were in lyfe,

Hee best of husbands, shee of wives the wife.

Heanton-Punchardon, Devon.



1660. *Christopher Brownrigg.*

HERE LYETH
CHR: BROWNR
IG THE LAST
OF THAT NAME.
A. D. 1660.

Dalton in Furness, Lanc.1660. *Catherine Parminter.*

.....
... Never was Innocence & Prudence
Soe louely, that had you known
her conversation, you would have
said, she was the daughter of Eve
before she eated of the Apple.
She hath left her name

CATHERINE PARMINTER.
A. D. 1660.

Ilfracombe, Devon:1661. *Henry Mosoke.*

JESUS. MARIA.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

My auncestors have been interred here 385 yeares
This by auntient evidence to mee appeares;
Which that all maye know & none doe offer wrong,
It is tenne ffootte broade & 4 yardes & a halfe longe.

Anno Domini 1661. HENRY MOSOKE, *Ætatis suæ* 14.
Ad Majorem Dei gloriam. Richard Mosoke Sculpfit.

Aughton, Staff.

1662. *Ludovicus Vicary.*

O Love, how strong dost thou tie knots,
That Death can't solve them with his plots.
Death with thy sting th'hast lost thine art,
For man and wife thou canst not part.
True love made us one heart to live or die,
Our bodies rest below, our soules on high.

Atherington, Devon.



1662. *Elizabeth Wood.*

ELIZA'S soule, a gaffe divine,
With clay was fastened into WOOD :
The tree did suddenlie decline,
The fruit was blasted in the bud :
The clay which Death broke off lies here, the wife
Is now engrafted on the Tree of Life.
Reader, expect not long to hold thy breath,
For heart of oake thou seeest cut off by death.

East Allington, Devon.



1662. *Bishop Samuel Rutter.*

In hac domo quam A Vermiculis
Accepi Confratribus meis spe
Resurrectionis ad Vitam
Jaceo Sam : Permissione divina
Episcopus Huius Insulæ
Siste Lector ! Vide ; ac Ride
Palatium Episcopi
Obijt : xxx^o die Mensis Maij Anno 1662.

S. German's Cathedral, I. of Man.



1663. *Anne Allen.*

A pious, vertuous, blamelesse, spotlesse maid
 By cruell Death was suddenly betraid
 Of sweetest life. Alas! a barbarous crime,
 To croppe a flower so sweete, so near the prime.
 Cease brinish tears, forbear your grievous moane,
 A happy change 'tis, a Cœlestial Throne
 Prepared is: what comfort doth this give
 To pay a debte, to dye & yett to live.

Lowestoft, Suffolk.

1663. *Michael Hill.*

Strange that this stone should tell
 Of Saint turned Angel Michael:
 Stranger that soe high a Hill
 Should sink soe low a vault to fill:
 Strangest, when next we fleet,
 If two and all we Hills should meet.

South Hill, Cornw.

1663. *Sir William Walrond.*

This lowe built chamber to each oculous eye,
 Seems like a little chappell where I'fe lye;
 Here in this tumber my flesh shall rest in hope,
 Whene'er I dye this is my aim and scope.

Bradfield, Devon.



1664.

GEORGE } WALTON { 1663.
GEORGE } { 1664.

From the same Parents both derived one breath,
Both at the font received one name,
In the same grave united at one death,
In Parents, Name, & Grave, the same.
Heaven soone conducted us, an earthly paire
To that bleff'd heritage where each is heir :
Our bodies waite the ioyfull Resurrection, when
Old time shall cease to be,
And little infants we
Rise in Christ Jesus perfect men.

Little Bursted, Essex.



1665. *Anne Deney.*

Reader stay, & you shall heare
With your eye, who 'tis lyes here :
For when stones doe silence breake,
The voice is seene not heard to speake.

Thurston, Norfolk.



1665.

WILLIAM WHITE
GOD THAT SENT
HIM INTO THE WORLD
MAY THE 21st 1651
SAID MAY THE 10th
1665 RETVRNE THOV
SONNE OF SORIE
MAN PSAL. 90. 3.

Pusey, Berks.



1666.

At HAMILTON lie the heads of JOHN PARKER,
JAMES HAMILTON, & CHRISTOPHER STRANG,
who suffered at EDINBURGH, 7th December, 1666.

Stay Passenger, take notice
What thou reads
At Edinbro' lye our Bodies,
Here our Heids:
Our richt Honds stude at Lanark,
Theis we want,
Because with them we swäre
The Covenant.

Hamilton, N. B.

1666.

Whate'er I did believe, whate'er I taught,
Whate'er HE did for me who mankind bought,
Whate'er I suffered in the good fight fought,
By Faith, by Word, in Deed, in Heart, in Thought,
Whate'er remains, now I am hither brought,
RESVRGAM of them all is the full draught:
Who preacheth aught that is not this is naught:
Reader, learne well but this one Truth from me—
Though I be dead, yet still I preach to thee.

Beverley Minster, Yorksh.1666. *Edward Penell.*

In soe little place doth lye
Vertue, goodnes, loyalty:
He who in all relations stood
And basest times, both true & good.
Tis for no common losse our teares are paid,
Here y^e beste husband, father, friend is laid.

*Uiuat post funera uirtus.**Lindridge, Herts.*

1667. *Mrs. Grace Giffard.*

The Graces formerly were counted three,
Now to the count a fourth may added bee,
The Virgin that of Graces had such store
As she made good her name of Grace and more.
Her loving parents were to her foe deare,
They going hence shee'd stay no longer here,
But after hyes (blest soule) to heaven above,
To bee with them i' the family of love,
And by their bodyes here must ly to rest
That with them shee may rise together blest.

Chittlehampton, Devon.



1667. *Sarah Ruddle.*

The Husband's Valediction.

Blest soule since thou art fled into the slumbers of the dead,
Why should mine eyes
Let fall unfruitful tears, the offspring of despair and fears,
To interrupt thy obsequies.
No, no, I won't lament to see thy day of trouble spent;
But since thou art gone,
Farewell! sleep, take thy rest, upon a better husband's breast,
Until the Resurrection.

Launceston, Cornwall.



1667. *Rev. John Williams.*

Such pillars layde aside
How can the Church abid.
Hee left his pulpit hee
In Patmos God to see.
This shining light can have
No place to preach butts grave.

Colyton, Devon.



1667. *Gilbert Camfield.*

In this dust lyeth the body of Gilbert y^e elder twin of
Benjamin & Martha Camfield.

Eager to live he grow ded firſt
Into this world by ſin accur'd
But being born he lived
Not ful 3 months he tryed
Likd not the place & dyed
October the 9th 1667.

Befide the above is

Here reſteth the body of Benjamin the younger twin of
Benjamin and Martha Camfield who dyed April xx 1669

Gone from his mother
To his brother
Lyes by his brother
In his mother.

Whitwell, Derb.



1669. *Thomas Merrett, Barber & Chirurgeon.*

T hough only ſtones ſalute the reader's eye
H ere in deep ſilence precious duſt doth lye
O bſcurely ſleeping in death's mighty ſtore
M ingled with common earth, till time's no more.
A gainſt Death's ſtubborn laws who does repine
S ince ſo much MERIT did his life reſign?

M urmurs & tears are ufeleſs in the grave
E lſe he whole Vollies at his Tomb might have.
R eſt here in Peace, who, like a faithful ſteward
R epaired the Church, the Poor & Needy cur'd.
E ternal manſions do attend the juſt,
T o clothe with Immortality their duſt—
T ainted, whilſt underground, with worms & ruſt.

Tewkeſbury, Worc.



1669.

Epitaph

On the lamented death of his honored friend

WILLIAM DRAX

Esq. who exchanged this life for immortality Decem 17
1669 in the 63 yeare of his age.

To thy dear memory blest soule I paie
This humble tribuit though in such a way
As reather doth proclaime my want of skill
Than any want of love of heart or will
True to thy trust none in our memory
Can charge the more or less with treuchery
Bring forth the p'son, Rich, poore, old or younge
That can justly say he ever did them wrong
In others weal or woe thy heart
Would sympathies and take its part
Oh what's more like the Deity
Than blessed hoary piety
A soule fitted for heaven when glorious Grace
Triumphs with him in his sure resting place
But is he dead Can I beleeeve
That he should die and we should live
Methinks we may the knot untie
Better to live fitter to dye
Now death I see doth wisely chuse
The gold but doth the dross refuse
Weepe not as without hope cry not alas
Hees better where hee is than where he was
Hearke, is not that his voice doth he not say
Heaven's meanest mansion, is worth this globe of clay
Who so doth live and doe and die like thee
His fame shall last to all eternity.

S. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

[The writer of the above is quite unknown.]



1669. *Thomas Cole.*

Reader you have within this grave
 A COLE rakt up in duft ;
 His courteous fate faw it was late,
 And that to bed he muft :
 So all was fwep't up to be kept
 Alive untill the day
 The trump fh^d blow it up, & fhew
 The COLE but fleeping lay.
 Then do not doubt the COLE'S not out,
 Though it in afhes lyes ;
 That little fpark now in y^e dark
 Will like a Phoenix rife.

Lillington, Dorset.1670. *Rev. Richard Richardfon, 25 years minifter.*

Myfta, fidelis, amans, colui, docui, relevavi,
 Numen, oves, inopes, pectore, voce, manu.
 Laude orbem, splendore polum, cinerefque beatos,
 Fama illustravit, mens colit, urna tenet.

Killyleagh, co. Down.1670. *Thomas More.*

Stay here awhile, and his fad fate deplore,
 Here lyes the body of one *Thomas More* ;
 His Name was *More*, but now it may be faid
 He is no more, becaufe that now he's dead,
 And in this place doth lye fepulchared.

Barking, Effex.

[Some what fimilar lines are faid to be, or to have been, at S. Benet's, Paul's Wharf.

"Here lyes one *More*, & no more than he
 One more, & no more—how can that be
 One *More* & no more may well lye here alone ;
 But here lyes one more, & that is more than one."



1670. *Richard Adlam.*

Ricardus Adlam hujus Ecclesiae Vicarius, obiit Feb: 10. 1670.

Apostrophe ad Mortem.

Damn'd tyrant ! can't profaner blood suffice ?
Must Priests that offer be the sacrifice ?
Go, tell the genii that in Hades lye,
Thy triumphs o'er this sacred Calvary,
Till some just *Nemesis* avenge our cause,
And force this kill-priest to revere good laws !

King's Teignton, Devon.



1671. *Katherine Gourd.*

Under this Tomb a Female Gourd doth lye
Was only born to have that name & dye
Shee from the womb unto the grave was sent
In a few daies : yet this no Punishment
But Happines that shee a Race hath run
To Ease : which some have scarce begun
And bee at once a riseing and a setting sun.
Set did I say, Noe, she doth shine more clear
But in another orb, another spheer :
O happy thou, thrice happy thou
Who ne'er didst know
What 'twas to make or to break thy vow
Nor thou into noe sinne didst never fall
But that wee mortals term originall
Which though it wound the soule the first was pure
Our Saviour's blood will prove His soveraign cure
Sweet innocent thou in no seas waft toft
Nor in a wilderネス an age was lost
Till to the promised Canaan thou didst come
All pious men's y^e patriarchs & thy home.
O had I but my wish then I should bee
Soone or at last sweet Saint to be with thee.

Forrabury, Cornw.



1671. *Thomas & Rose Gorges.*

The lovinge turtell having mist her mate
 Beg'd shee might enter ere they shut the gate
 Their dust here lies whose soules to Heaven are gone
 And waite till Angels rowle away the stone.

Heavitree, Devon.

1672. *William Finch.*

Siste Gradum

Peripatetice, & paulisper contemplare
 Ornatissimi microcosmi heu ! breves reliquias

Nunc in pulverem redacti olim

GULIELMI FINCH, Armigeri antiqua &
 in Agro Cantii Familia oriundi

Naturae et Gratiae dotibus egregie nobilitate Ad Oris
 Corporisq; venustatem accessit major Animae pulchritudo
 optimis virtutibus insignitae Quas in Christianae Religionis
 testimonium et decus luculenter usque exeruit.

Eximia in Deum. O. M. Pietate erga Sacros Pastores
 summa Reverentia Fidelitate in Principem, Justitia in
 Proximum Conjugali Paternaq; Indulgentia Singulari in
 Familiares affectu integerrimo propensa in Omnes Bene-
 volentia; Linguâ castus et candidus, manu supra fidem
 Liberalis; Nemini turpiter obloqui, aut obrectare solitus
 omnibus benefacere, imprimis Egenis absq; praecinente buc-
 cina, Eleemosynis pariter ac Thesauris plenus, quo probe
 accumulatus in Terra plurimos prudens Mercator in Coelo
 recondidit, Vitam tandem commutandis aliquandiu mercibus
 prospere transactam 42 Aetatis annum emensus Jun 27.
 1672. Meliori quaestu cum

Morte comutavit.

Relictis et bonae Spei Parvulis cum dilectissima et aman-
 tissima Uxore quae in perpetuam tam chari Capitis Memoriam
 Monumentum hoc constantissimi Amoris Pignus, extruendum

curavit, Ipsa interim moerore cum Illo consépulta Abi iam
attonitus Viator & mirare tam probum in tam pravo seculo
Virum, aut vivere

potuisse, aut debuisse

MORI.

ESTHER FINCH, Foemina castissima, Viro morigera et
curae domesticae dulce levamen liberorum (quos septem reli-
quit) mater provida, Sincera pietate, alacri erga tenuiores
benignitate, liberalitate in omnes, morum denique sanctitate
cōspicua. Viri (dum in vivis esset) decus simul et solamen,
defuncti Vidua supra quam dici potest moestissima. Vixit
annos 41. Menses 5. Demp̄tis diebus 11. Obiit maii die 4
Anno Salutis 1673.

S. Helen's, Bishopsgate.



1673.

Received of PHILIP HARDING
his borrowed earth
July 4th 1673.

Crudwell, Wilts.



1674. *John Robinson.*

Death parts the dearest lovers for a while,
But makes them mourn who only used to smile:
But after death our unmixt loves shall tie
Eternall Knots betwixt my Love & I.

J. R.

I SARAH SMITH whom thou didst love alone
For thy dear sake have laid this marble stone.

Aldenham, Herts.



1679. *Chesten Bewes, aged 19.*

Reader, this faint's dust doth affect all eies
 Which saw her to incessant obsequies ;
 'Tis her dust who was while she trod this stage,
 The beauty and the glory of her age.
 Married scarce matched, on earth anon,
 God took her and espoused her to his sonn.
 Though both her parents live both widow'd be,
 Shortened in time by her eternity.
 Tears would dissolve them did they not believe
 With her to joy more then for her they grieve.

Launceston, Cornwall.

1680. *Isobel Campbell.*

Stones weep tho' eyes were dry :
 Choicest flowers soonest die :
 Their sun oft sets at noon,
 Whose fruit is ripe in June.
 Then tears of joy be thine,
 Since earth must soon resign
 To God what is divine.

Nāci est aegrotare
 Vivere est mori,
 Mori est vivere.

Balquidder, N. B.

1681. *Daniel Blackford.*

When I was young I ventured life and blood
 Boath for my Kinge and for my Countrey's good ;
 In elder yeares my care was cheife to bee
 Souldiere for Him that shed His Blood for mee.

Oxhill, Warwick.



1682. *Rev. Thomas Flavel.*

THOMAS FLAVEL CLERICI
JOH: F. FLAVEL S. T. D. FIL:
COM: SOMERSETENS: NATI
SCHOLAE TIVERT: DEV: ALUMNI
COLL: SS. TRINITATIS OXON. A. M.
ECCLES: { MULLIANENSIS VICARII
 { STI. RUANI MAJORIS RECTORIS
ÆD: PETRI EXON: PREBEND:

HIC DEPONUNTUR EXUVIAE, ANNO ÆTATIS SUAE LXXVIJ
ET DOI NOSTRI JES: XTI. 1682.

EARTH TAKE THINE EARTH: MY SIN LET SATAN HAVET,
THE WORLDE MY GOODS, MY SOULE MY GOD WHO GAVET:
FOR FROM THESE FOURE, EARTH, SATAN, WORLD & GOD,
MY FLESH, MY SIN, MY GOODS, MY SOULE, I HAD.

S. Mullyon, Cornw.



1683. *Izaak Walton. (Piscator.)*

Alas! Hee's gone before,
Gone to returne noe more.
Our panting Breasts aspire
After their aged Sire,
Whose well-spent Life did last
Full ninety yeares, and past,
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'ere bee done,
Crown'd with eternall blisse;
We wish our souls with his.

Votis modestis sic fierunt liberi.

Winchester Cathedral.

[Written by Bishop Ken?]



1684. *Charles Lister.*

Hic jacet

Carolus Lister, in utraque

Acad : Med : Stud : Qui ipse, paulo

Ante mortem, suam cecinit

Cygnaeam cantionem.

1 Cor: xv. 55.

Phil: i. 23.

Ubi Mors aculeus tuus?

Cupio dissolvi, &c.

Grata venis, Mors,

Mens mea mundum,

Grata venis, nec

Vanaque vitae

Me tua terrent

Somnia et umbras

Spicula quae nunc

Laeta relinquit

Sentio in aegro

Et cupit alis

Corpore fixa

Nixa duabus

Mors etenim agni

Speque, fideque

In cruce caesi

Scandere summas

(O Amor ingens !)

Ætheris oras

Undique mentem

Merfet ubi se

Munit, et illam

Flumine puri

Servat ab omni

Gaudii, Jesu,

Vulnere tutam.

Teque fruatur

Omnis in aeva.

Obiit die 5 Aug :

Æt: 23. Sal: 1684.

Bardsey, Yorksh.1684. *John Musgrave.*

Depositum Johannis Musgrave de Nettlecombe, Gent :

Filii natu quarti, qui sibi uni visus est dire se vixisse.

Natus est iij^o die Martij Anno 1656. Obijt Aprilis xv^o
anno 1684.

Much of my welfare & content below

I to my Mother's love & vertues owe :

Wherefore this humble grave so neere her bones

I more esteem than elsewhere marble stones.

JOHN MUSGRAVE.

Nettlecombe, Somerset.

1685.

Here lyes DANIEL McMICHEL, Martyr, shot dead at Dalveen by Sir John Dalziel for his adhering to the Word of God, Christs Kingly Government in his House and the Covenanted Work of Reformation against tyranny, perjury, and prelacy 1685.—Revelations xi. 11.

As Daniel was cast in Lyons' den
For praying unto God and not to men
So Lyons cruelly devoured me
For bearing witness to Truth's testimony
I rest in peace till Jesus rend the cloud
And judge 'twixt me and those who shed my Blood.

Darrifdeer, Dumfrieshire.



1685. *Robert Clarke.*

But is Clarke dead? What dost thou say?
His soule's alive—his body here doth lie
But in a sleep until the Judgement Day
And live he shall unto Eternity:
Men say he's dead—I say so too,
And ere awhile they'll say the fame of you.

Banham, Norfolk.



1687. *John & Ann Mably.*

Remember man within thy youthfull dayes
to serve the Lord ere death thy body seize
then live to dye to gaine foe high a prize
that thy poore soule may liue in paradise.

Here is the loue of my wife shone
that where we ly by this it may be known
my wife & i did in loue foe well agree
yet must i part for God would have it foe to bee
from my wife ANN MABLY.

S. Enoder, Cornw.



1687.

Born Feb: 1582.

Here lyes STEPHEN RUMBOLD
 He lived to the age of an hundred and one
 Sanguine and strong
 An hundred to one you don't live so long.

Dy'd

March 4. 1687.

*Brightwell-Baldwin, Oxon.*1687. *John Rosewell.*

This grave's a bed of roses, here doth ly
 John Rosewell, Gent. his wife, nine children by.
 Aetatis suae 79. Obijt 1 Decemb. anno 1687.

*Englishcombe, Somerset.*1688. *Rebecca Rogers.*

A house she hath, it's made of such good fashion,
 The tenant neer shall pay for reparation;
 Nor will the Landlord ever raise her rent,
 Or turn her out of doors for non-payment.
 From chimney money too, this cell is free
 To such an house as this who would not Tenant be?

Folkestone, Kent.

1689. *Nicholas Greenhill, First Head-Master, on record, of Rugby School, Rector of Whitnash, Warw.*

This Greenhill periwig'd with snow
 Was leavild in the Spring:
 This Hill y^e Nine and Three did know
 Was sacred to his king.
 But he must Downe although so much Divine
 Before he Rise never to Set but Shine.

[Dr. Greenhill died 1650, aged 70, but this epitaph was not set up till 1689 by his successor in the Rectory, "Ri: Boles, M^r Art:" who also composed for himself the following epitaph which appears on a brass plate near the foregoing.]

1689. *Richard Boles.*

This Mirrour makes me Slight a Life Halfe Dead,
 Because a Better comes when this is Fled.
 My Time and Place where I doe Live are knowne:
 My Deathe & Graue none knowes but God alone.
 My Death Is certaine, & Vncertaine, Then
 Mortalls Beware, Death comes you know not when.
 I value not a Tombe, obscure to lie
 With Vertue is our Immortalitie.
 My life runs on Five yeares beyond Four Score.
 Once I must die, and then shall Die no more.

R. L. Boles, Aⁿo: Dⁿi: 1689. Ætat: Meae 85.

Whitnash, Warw.



1689.

Heir is the Burial-place appointed for JOHN GEEDES,
 Glover, Burges in Elgin, and ISSOBELL McKEAN his
 Spous, and their relations.

Grace me guid: in hope I byde.

Memento mori.

THIS WARLD IS A CITIE
 FULL OF STREETS &
 DEITH Y^e MERCAT
 THAT A^y MEN MEETS
 IF LYFE WERE A THING
 THAT MONIE COLD
 BUY THE PUIR COLD
 NAT LIUE & Y^e RICH
 WOLD NAT DYE.

South wall of Elgin Cathedral.

[Versions of the above are also to be seen at Milton, Kent, and at Bengoe and Hatfield,
 Herts.]



1689. *Christopher Kay.*

C onfined . in . a . bed . of . dvft
 H ere . doth . a . body . lye
 R aised . again . it . will . be . I . trust
 I nto . the . heavens . high.
 S in . not . but . have . a . care
 T o . make . your . calling . fyre
 O mit . thofe . things . which . trivial . are
 P rife . that . w^{he} . will . indvre.
 H ange . not . your . minde . on . fecvlar . things
 E ch . one . doth . fade . apace
 R iches . the . chief . of . w^{he} . hath . wings
 K eeping . no . certaine . place.
 A dict . yovr . felves . vnto . his . conuerfation
 Y ovr . pvrchafe . heaven . for . yovr . habitation.

Mafham, Yorkfb.1690. *Thomas Gabetis, Steward to the Countefs of Pembroke.*

The wife—the eloquent—the juft
 Lies here interred among the duft
 Below, who forty years & more
 Was Sheriffe—now is Heaven's ftore
 How wife & understanding too
 At 86 as thofe that woo—
 When Death, with crooked fcythe & glafs,
 Sett out the bounds he fhould not pafs,
 Saintlike his ficknefs, & his death
 Admired by all. His parting breath
 So fweet as might perfume the earth.
 Doubtlefs that fpotlefs foul of his
 Is gone into eternall blifs.

Brough, Linc.

1690. *Martha Tyrrell.*

Could this stone speake it would the reader tell
She that lyes here did her whole sex excell:
And why should death, with a promiscuous hand,
At one rude stroake impoverish a land?

East Horndon, Essex.



1690. *James Anderson.*

Among the earth beneath this stone
Doth his forefathers ly
And this hath been ther burial place
Syne man's rememberie.

Strathmartin, N. B.



1690. *Hannah Wheeler.*

Grace, sweetness, beauty,—yet not touched with pride,
She lived beloved, & much lamented died.

Morchard-Bishop, Devon.



1691. *John Howse, &c.*

Within this Little Howse thre^e hows^{es} ly^e
John Howse, James Howse, y^e short-liv'd twins, & I
Anne, of John Howse once y^e endeared w^{ife}
Wh^o lost min^e own^e To giv^e thos^e Babe^s their Life.
We thre^e though Dead y^et speake & put in mind
The Husband Father, whom^e w^e left behind
That we wer^e howses only mad^e of clay,
And calld For, could no longer Here stay,
But wer^e layd Her^e to tak^e our rest & ease
By Death, who taketh whom^e & wher^e he please.

Langford, Berks.



1691. *Edward Poyntz, Gent. aged 81.*

A generous mind, a stout courageous heart,
A man uel stor'd wth policy, witt & art;
In feats of warre and lawe he did abound
As scarce beyond him any could be found.
What could be learnt both here & 'yond y^e maine,
He in's vast memorie strongly did retaine.
A uel experienced man in all affairs
He fych a name 'mongft us furuiuing bears.
His body is here below, his fovle is fled
Whither y^e winged cherubims are fed.

Bittadon, Devon.



1693. *Mary Angell, aged 72.*

To fay an angel here doth interr'd lye
May be thought ftrange, for angels never dye:
Indeed some fell from heaven to hell,
Are loft, & rife no more:
This only fell from death to earth,
Not loft, but gone before.
Her duft lodg'd here: her foule, perfect in grace,
'Mongft faints & angels now hath took its place.

Stepney, Middlefex.



1694. *John Velley.*

In memory of JOHN VELLEY of HARTLAND,
Gentleman, who faithfully ferved that Glorious Martyr
PRINCE CHARLES & his Son during the late Civil Wars
of England as a Captaine Lewetenant to SIR RICHARD
CARY, and having furvived thefe calamities lived to the
enjoyment of peace & prosperity & a good old age, dying in
his 77th year, Dec^r 7th, 1694.

Stoke S. Neftan, Devon.



1694. *John Weles.*

Quod fuit esse quod est
Quod non fuit esse quod esse
Esse quod est non esse
Quod est non est erit esse.

Lavenham, Norfolk.

[Translation by Dr. Byrom.

What was John Weles is what John Weles was not,
The mortal being has immortal got.
The Weles that was but a *non ens*, is gone,
And now remains the true eternal John.

'Q. S.' in '*Notes and Queries*,' 1853, gives a similar epitaph in English, without place or date.

That which a being was, what is it? show:
That being which it was, it is not now.
To be what 'tis, is not to be, you see,
That which now is not, shall a being be.

There would seem to be a reference to Eccles. i. 9, and iii. 15, "*Quid est quod fuit? ipsum quod futurum est; quid est quod factum est? ipsum quod faciendum est.*"

"*Quod factum est, ipsum permanet: quæ futura sunt, jam fuerunt: et Deus instaurat quod abiit.*"

The lines occur also at Horsham, Suffex, with the following addition:

Vita malis plena est,
Mors pia—preciosa corona.
Post vitam mors est:
Post mortem vita beata.]



1694. *Mr. Thomas Holmes.*

Dear HOLMES hath found
A Home amongst the Blest,
His wearied bodie for to rest:
For nowhere can his Flesh
True slumber have,
But in this Truest Home in Homely Grave.
His soule in Heavenly Tunes doth sing
Hell, where's thy Triumph?
Death, where's thy Sting?

Bunhill Fields Cemetery.



1694. *Deborah Keene.*

Here lieth interred Mrs. DEBORAH KEENE
late OWNER of the MANOR of BRAUNTON-
ARUNDELL in this Parish. Shee was
baptized Feb: 24th. 1624. lived un-
married, and was buried

Dec. 31st. 1694.

VIRGINITY was had in estimation,
And wont to be observed with veneration :
ABOVE 'tis still so, single life is fed,
None may marry nor are married,
But live angelick lives : & VIRGINS crown'd,
All with their coronetts the LAMBE surround.
This maiden LANDLADY hath one obtain'd,
Who tho' much fought in marrying still refrain'd,
And now the inheritance undefiled has gain'd.

HEREDES POSUERE.

Braunton, Devon.

1695. *William Newberry.*

Hic jacet Newberry Will
Vitam finivit Cochiae pill :
Quis administravit ? Bellamy Sue :
Quantum quantitas ? Nescio—

Scisne tu ?

Ne futor ultra crepidam.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

1696. *Andrew Meekie, late Parish Dominie.*

Beneath thir stanes lye MEEKIE's banes :

O Sawtan, gin ye tak him,

Appeynt him tutor to your weans,

An' clever deils he'll mak 'em.

Curry by Edinburgh.



1697. *Captain John Dunch.*

Though Boreas' blasts & Neptune's waves
Have toss'd me to & fro :
In spite of both by Heaven's decree,
Harbour I here below.
Where I do now at anchor ride
With many of our fleet :
Yet once again I must set saile,
Our ADMIRAL CHRIST to meet.

Stepney, Middlesex.

[Also, with slight variations, at Ipswich, and at Ilfracombe and Pilton, Devon.]



1697. *Mr. Nathaniel Vincent, Minister of the Gospel.*

Though dead I ly, I speake to you that live :
Your Heart, your All, be sure to God you give :
At death the day of grace will fully end,
In Grief for bad, in Good Works your time spend.
Earthe is but Vanitie : Christ's Worth, and of his Crofs
The Vertue know, & Greatness of Soules loss.
Immortal Soules to benefit and saue
I have thus made a Pullpit of my Graue.

Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

[The first two lines occur on other tombstones of "Ministers."]



1698. *John Geers, aged 80.*

Lo here he lyes ! His poor remains
This gloomy monument contains :
Let Fame in happy story tell
How much he others did excell
In living and in loving well.
Blest with a competent estate,
None thought him little, none too great :
From Pride & avarice exempt,
Unenvyed yet above contempt.
To those in want Heaven's almoner,

To all his friends extremely dear.
Sincerely loyal to his Prince,
A favourite of Providence.
Oh, had I lived a life like thine,
I then might with this grave were mine.

Bridge Solers, Hereford.



1698. *Rev. Griffith Higgs.*

Time's a thought to think upon,
Thought's time is past & quickly gone,
Yet Time stands here for all to see :
Think on't & death then, what thou't bee
At roome unto eternitie.
The Church I lov'd, in it I fear'd
Within the Church to be interr'd :
But meekly I my GOD implore
A place to ly, tho' at y^e doore.
Griffith Higgs his *Memento*, born the
18 of Octob^r 1608. Who died the
18 of February, 1698.

South Stoke, Oxon.



1699. *John Randall.*

Here old John Randall lies
Who counting from his tale
Lived threescore years & ten
Such virtue was in Ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive ;
And if he could have drunk his Ale,
He still had been alive ;
But he died January five
1699.

Gt. Wolford, Warc.



1699.

GRISELL WEST, spous to John Carnegie, Doctor of the
Gramer Schuil of Aberbrothok.

Here lyes a wife was chaff, a mother blest,
A modest woman, all these in on chest:
Sarah unto her mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha vnto men, whilst here she had abode.

Arbroath, N. B.



16 . .

Thus youth, and age, and all things pass away,
Thy turn is now as his was yesterday:
Tomorrow shall another take thy room,
The next day he a prey for worms become:
And on your dusty bones shall others tread,
As now you walk and trample on the dead,
Till neither sign or memory appear,
That you had ever birth or being here.

North Mimms, Herts.



1700. *Francis Thwaites.*

Here lies the body of Mr. Ffrancis, the son of Mr. Ffrancis
Thwaits, Rector of Stanford, & of Ann his Wife, who
dyed the 4th of Sept. in the 2nd year of his age. 1700.

As carefull nurfes
To their bed doe lay
Their children which too
Long would wanton play:
Soe to prevent all my
Ivening crimes,
Nature my Nurse laid
Me to bed betimes.

Stanford, Notts.

[*Also at Wilford, Notts.*]



1702. *Joseph Sommers, aged 9.*

A LITTLE TIME DID BLAST MY PRIME
AND BROUGHT ME HETHER
THE FAIREST FLOWER WITHIN AN HOURE
MAY FADE AND WETHER.

Cerne Abbas, Dorset.



1702. *Thomas Heminge.*

The body that here buried lies
By lightnings fell death's sacrifice
To him Elijah's fate was given
He rode on flames of fire to heaven.
Then mourn no more Hee's taken hence
By the just hand of Providence.
O God, the judgments of thy feat
Are wondrous good & wondrous great
Thy ways in all thy works appear
As thunders loud as lightnings clear.

Tintagel, Cornw.



1703. *William Borrowes.*

'Tis true I led a fingle life,
And Nare was married in my life,
For of that Seck I nare had none:
It is the Lord; his will be done.

Braunston, Northants.



1706. *Susan Pattison.*

To free me from domestic strife
Death called at my house, but he spake with my Wife.
Susan, wife of *David Pattison* lies here,
Stop Reader, and, if not in a hurry, shed a tear.

Hadleigh, Suffolk.



1706. *Abraham Baby.*

BENEATH THIS PLACE IN 6 FOOT IN LENGTH AGAINST Y^e
 CLARK'S PEW LYETH THE BODY OF
 MR. ABM. BABY,
 ALSO Y^e BODY OF MARY HIS WID.
 She dyed y^e 21st May, 1705
 Also 2 Children of y^e said Abm. and Mary, which dyed in
 their enfantry.

Man's life is like untoe a winter's daye,
 Some brake their faste, and so depart awaye.
 Others sit a dinner—then depart full fed.
 The longest age but supps and goes to bed.
 O reader, then behold and see
 As we are now so must ye be.

1706.

Croyland, Linc.

[*Somewhat similar lines are found at a later date in several churchyards, e.g., Stirling, 1809 ;
 Barnwell Priory, 1772 ; Llangollen, &c.*]



1707. *James Marshall.*

Farewell poor world, I must be gone,
 Thou art no home, no rest for me,
 I'll take my staff & travel on,
 Till I a better world may see.
 Put on, my soul, put on with speed,
 Tho' the way be long, the end is near :
 Once more, poor world, farewell indeed,
 1.

Oakham, Rutland.

¹ *Illegible.*



1708. *John Vine.*

I hope, I think, I understand
 Here lies the body of an honest man :
 I trust in CHRIST and hope that he
 The joys of Heaven now do see.

North Stoneham, Hants.



1709.

Here lieth RICHARD DENT
In his laste tenement.

Finedon, Northants.1710. *Mary Cripps.*

Her body Earthly was, and to the Earth
Descended is, from whence it took its Birth.
Her Soul from a more high Originall
Mounted aloft, became Angelicall.
Clog not her wings, then, with your dewy tears
On which She's rais'd above the Starry Spheres.
Cease Husband, Children, cease, give God the praise
Which She now warbles in immortal Layes.

Tetbury, Glouc.1711. *Samuel Okey, aged 10.*

Here lies for Adam's first offence
Beauty, Wit, and Innocence:
E'er such another turn to Earth,
Time shall throw a Dart at Death.

Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

1711.

GEORGE ARCHER & AGNES WALKER his wife.

Here lyes within this airthen airk
An Archer grave and wife:
Faith was his Arrow, CHRIST the Mark,
And Glory was the Prize.
His Bow is now an Hairp, his Song
Doth Halleluiahs indite:
His consort Walker went along
To walk with CHRIST in white.

Leslie, Fife.

1713. *Edmund Stephens, Yeoman, aged 72.*

When he had served his God, His Church, his Friend,
His Family, 'twas fit his life should end :
As then he had no more strength to bestow,
And God for him had no more work to doe.
Even as a guest well fed with Nature's stores,
Thankful & pleased, steps slowly out of doors,
So did he leave the world, went off the stage
Gently ; not cloy'd, but satisfied with age.
More time he asked not, but obey'd the call
That then did him, at last shall summon all.

S. Winnion, Cornw.



1714. *Robert Gilbert, Esq. of Cantley.*

In wife Frugality luxuriant,
In Justice & Good Actes extravagant,
To all the world an universal Friend,
No foe to any but the savage kind.
How many fair estates have been grac'd
By the same generous means ; yet his increas'd.
His duty thus perform'd to Heaven & Earth,
Each leisure hour fresh toilsome sports gave birth.
Had NIMROD seen, he would y^e game decline,
To GILBERT mighty hunter's name resign :
Tho' hundreds to the grounds he oft has chaf'd,
That subtle Fox Death earth'd him here at last,
And left a fragrant scent so sweet behind
That ought to be pursu'd by all mankind.

Cantley, Norfolk.



1714. *Thomas Goldsmith, Commander of the "Snapdragon" privateer : who became a Pirate.*

Men that are virtuous serve the Lord ;
And the devil's by his friends ador'd ;
And as they merit get a place
Amidst the blest of hellish race ;

Pray then, ye learned clergy, shew
Where can this brute Tom Goldsmith go?
Whose life was one continu'd evil,
Striving to cheat God, man, and devil.

Dartmouth, Devon.



1715. *Freame Clutterbuck, an infant.*

When CHRIST commands away
'Tis Sin to with to stay
Tho' soon thy Glas be run
For Heav'n thou'rt not too young
For all are like thee there
Go then, and be Heav'n's Heir.

Stroud, Glouc.



1715.

Remember Man as you
Pasby as You Are Now
So once Was i As i Am
Now So Muft You Bee
Make Peace with CHRIST And
FOLLOW ME
Fear God and keep His Command
Ment This is y^e whole duty of
MAN.

Potterne, Wilts.



1716. *John Ashe.*

Here lyes dear JOHN, his parents' love & ioy,
That most pretty & ingenious boy,
His matchless soul is not yet forgotten,
Though here the lovely body dead & rotten.
Ages to come may wonder at his fame,
And here his death by shameful malice came.
How spiteful some did use him, & how rude,
Griefe will not let me write : but now conclude ;

To God for ever all praise be given,
Since we hope he is with him in heaven.

J. A. ob: 23 Dec: 1716.

Dinton, Wilts.



1716. *Mary Tilly.*

Reader, behold me ; I return to dust,
Yet, at the resurrection of the just,
My body to my soul shall be united,
To love with Christ, in whom I have delighted.

Ewerne Minster, Dorset.



1718.

Here lieth the body of Margaret Lupton, late wife of Mr. Sampson Lupton of Braistly Woods in Netherdale, who departed this life the 2^d of November, anno Domini, 1718 in the 74th year of her age, & lived to be mother & grandmother to above 150 children, and at the baptizing of the first grandchild, the child had ten grandfathers & grandmothers then present.

Ripon, Yorksh.



1719. *Jeremiah Simpson.*

Here lieth He ould
Jeremy who hath
eight times married
been but now in his
ould age he lies
in his cage under
the grafs so green
which Ieremiah simp
son departed this
Life in the 84 yeare
of his age in the
year of our Lord

1 7 1 9.

Welton, Yorksh.



1720. *Henry Wilcock.*

TO . THE . MEMORY . OF
 HENERY . THE . SON . OF . HEN' .
 ERY . AND . HONOUR . WILCOCK' .
 HE . WAS . BVRIED . THE . 19 . DAY . OF .
 JUNE . IN . THE . YEAR . 1720 . AGED . 24.

Stay . awhile . you . passers . bye .
 And . see . how . I . in . duft . doe . lye .
 Tho . I . ly' . here . in . confufing . mould .
 I . fhall . rife . vp . like . fhining . gold .

Stoke S. Neetan, Devon.

1721. *John Whittle & Deborah his wife.*

The Fates *John Whittle* to the clay
 And prifon clofe have fent;
 His leafe was out, he could not ftay,
 For Death would have his rent.
 Cover'd with duft the farmer lies,
 By *Deborah* confin'd:
 When trumpet founds thefe doves will rife,
 And leave their chains behind.

Stourton Candel, Dorfet.

1723. *Frances Fry.*

Stop paffenger, and view this mournful fhrine,
 That holds y^e reliques of a form divine;
 O! ſhe was all perfection, heavenly fair!
 And chafte and innocent as mortals are.
 Her wit & humour and her youth confpired
 To warm y^e foul, and all who ſaw admired:—
 But ah! how ſoon was all y^e heaven of charms
 Rifled by death, and withered in his arms;
 Too ſoon for us, but not for her too ſoon!
 For now upon y^e wings of angels flown,
 Their native ſkies, ſhe's by her God careſſed,
 And keeps eternal ſabbath with the bleſſed.

Learn hence betimes, (good reader) to be wife,
This trifling world and all its joys despise.
With each bright virtue let thy bosom swell,
And live like her, y^t you may dye so well.

Membury, Devon.



1723. *Frances Flood.*

Stop Reader and wonder! see as strange as e'er was known,
My feet dropt off from my body, in the midst of the bone.
I had no surgeon for my help, but God Almighty's aid
On whome I always will rely, and never be afraid:
Tho' here beneath Intred they ly, corruption for to see:
Yet they shall rise and reunite to all Eternity.

FRANCES FLOOD.

Apl. 1. 1723.

Saltford, Somersf.



1724. *Elizabeth wife of Richard Cupper.*

Sharp was her wit, mild was her nature:
A tender wife & a good humoured creature.

Ombersley, Worc.



1724. *Elizabeth Corbett.*

Here rests a Woman, good without Pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense:
No conquest she but o'er herself desired;
No arts essayed, but not to be admired.
Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinced that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
Heaven as its purest Gold, by Tortures try'd,
The Saint sustain'd it, but the *Woman* dy'd.

S. Margaret's, Westminster.

[Written by Pope.]



1725. *Richard Tully.*

Here lies old Mr. RICHARD TULLY,
 Who liv'd an C & 3 years fully,
 And threescore years before the Mayor
 The Sword of this City he did bear.
 Nine of his wives do by him lye,
 So shall the tenth when she doth dy.

S. Katharine's, Gloucester.

1727. *George Warmington, of Camelford, Gent.*

Tis my request
 My bones may rest
 Within this chest
 Without moleft.

S. Stephen Dunheved, Cornw.



1727.

John Durfton, Rector of Alton Berners, Wilts, and of this
 Church more than 40 years, æt. 82.

All words are vain
 Where none can count the worth.

Miserden, Glouc.

1728. *Henry Raper.*

Here Henry Raper
 Lies in dust;
 His stature small,
 His mind was just.

1728.

Ripon, Yorksh.



1729. *Robert & Mary Digby, second son & eldest dau. of William, Lord Digby.*

Go, fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest reason & pacific truth;
Compos'd in sufferings, & in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great;
Go, just of word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear;
Of gentlest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, a friend of human kind;
Go, live, for heaven's eternal year is thine;
Go, & exalt thy mortal to divine.
And thou, too close attendant on his doom,
Blest maid, hast hastened to the silent tomb;
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known,
Go, where to love & to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief;
These little rites, a stone & verse, receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give.

A. POPE.

Sherborne Abbey, Dorset.



1730. *Sir James Shepherd, Knt., Sergeant at law.*

In expectationis diei supremi.
qualis erat
Dies iste indicabit.

Honiton, Devon.

[*English versions of this may be seen at Ilfracombe, and at Coston-Hackett.*]



1730. *Robert Preston, late drawer at the "Boar's Head Tavern,"
Great Eastcheap, aged 27.*

Bacchus, to give the toping world surprize,
Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies.
Tho' nurf'd among full hogheads, he defy'd
The charm of wine, & every vice beside.
O reader, if to justice thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that outweigh'd his faults.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy BOB in measure of attendance.

S. Michael's, Eastcheap.



1732. *Charles Claudius Philips.*

Whose absolute contempt of riches, & innimitable performances on the Violin made him the admiration of all that knew him. He was born in Wales, made the Tour of Europe, & after the experience of both kinds of Fortune, died in the year 1732.

Exalted soul, thy various sounds could please
The lovesick virgin, & the gouty ease,
And jarring crowds, like old Amphion, move
To beauteous order & harmonious love.
Now rest in peace, till Angels bid thee rise
And join thy Saviour's concert in the skies.

Wolverhampton.



1733. *Edward Strange.*

Vain King of Terrors, boast no more
Thine antient wide extended pow'r;
Each saint in life, with Christ his head,
Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

Abston, Glouc.



1733. *Mrs. Ann Clarke.*

On helpless Babes I did attend,
 Whilst I on earth my life did spend :
 To help the helpless in their need
 I ready was with care & speed.
 Many from pain my hands did free,
 But none from death could rescue me.
 My course is run & hower is past,
 And you is coming all so fast.

John Bradley was the first child she received into this world,
 in 1698, & since, above 5000 !

Tiverton, Devon.



1734. *John Eykyn.*

MARIAM juxta uxorem IOHANNES EYKYN, L.L.B.

Istius Ecclesiæ Rector,
 Diem hic expectat
 Supremum.

Tu vero Lector Vigila
 Ne Dies tremendus ille
 Tibi superveniat
 inopinanti.

I. E. } ob. { Jul. 27^o 1734 } AN. { 63.
 M. E. } { Nov. 24^o 1729 } { 68.

Farmington, Glouc.



1734. *Robert Awood, Practitioner of Physic, & Elizabeth his dau. (æt. 7.)*

Here lies a Father with his offspring dear,
 Joy of his Heart, & Solace of his Care ;
 She fresh in Years, & tender in her Frame,
 Wither'd & fell by Febris' wastfull Flame.
 The Parent anxious to allay the Fire,
 Unguarded, stricken, did near her expire.

Oh gloomy state of Man ! when void of Fence
 Not Virtue stands, nor yet can Innocence !
 But since the Good awaits a better Lot ;
 A Child of God's can never be forgot.

Slimbridge, Glouc.



1735. *Rev. Samuel Wesley.*

Here

Lieth 'all that was Mortal
 of Samuel Wesley A.M. he was
 Rector of Epworth 39 Years
 and departed this Life 25 of
 April 1735 Aged 72.

As he liv'd so he died in the
 true Catholic Faith of the
 Holy Trinity in unity and
 that Jesus Christ is God
 incarnate and the only Saviour
 of mankind. Acts 4—12.

Blessed are the dead which
 die in the Lord yea faith the
 Spirit that they may rest
 from their labours and their
 works do follow them.

Rev. 14—13.

Epworth, Linc.

[*From a rubbing.*]



1736.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
 And down fell from the tree :
 I met with a check, & I broke my neck,
 And so death lopped off me.

Ockham, Surrey.



1736. *John Spong, Carpenter.*

Who many a sturdy oak had laid along,
Fell'd by Death's furer hatchet, here lies Spong.
Pofts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd by railing, tho' he was no wit.
Old faws he had, altho' no antiquarian,
And ftiles corrected, yet no grammarian.
Long liv'd he Ockham's prime architect;
And lafting as his fame a tomb t'erec't
In vain we feek an artift fuch as he
Whofe pales & gates are for eternity.

Ockham, Surrey.

1737. *Humphry Jones.*

Underneath this ftone doth lye
The bodye of *Mr. Humpherie*
Jones, who was of late
By trade a plate
Worker in Barbicanne;
Well known to be a good manne
By all his friends & neighbours too,
And paid every bodie their due.
He died in the year 1737,
Auguft 10th, aged 80; his foule, we hope's in heaven.

S. Pancras' Churchyard.

1740. *Thomas Phillips.*

Hoc faxum Vivus Moriturus mihi pofui
Thomas Phillips Gentleman.

Ickford, Bucks.



1745. *Richard Austin, Blacksmith.*

My Sledge & Hammer lye declin'd,
 My Bellows too have lost their wind,
 My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
 And in the dust my Vice is laid.
 My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
 My Nails are drove, my Work is done.

Aylesbury, Bucks.

[The above, said to have been written by Hayley, occurs, with slight variations, in many churchyards. In some few cases two extra lines appear.

My fire-dried Corpse lies here at rest,
 My Soule, like Smoak, soars to be blest.]

1745. *Samuel & Mary Austin.*

Stay awhile & spend a tear
 Upon the dust that slumbers here
 And while thou readst the fate of me
 Think on y^e glasse that runs for thee.

MARY Wife of the above.

I grieve to think I cannot grieve no more
 To think my dearest Friend is gone before
 But since it pleased God to part us here
 In Heaven I hope to meet my dearest dear.

Pewsey, Wilts.

1745. *Anne Harrison.*

S. M. Anne Harrison, well known by the name of NANNA RAN DAN, who was chaste but no prude; & tho' free yet no harlot. By Principle vertuous, by Education a Protestant; her freedom made her liable to censure, while her extensive charities made her esteemed. Her tongue she was unable to control, but the rest of her members she kept in subjection. After a life of 80 years thus spent, she died. 1745.

Easingwold, Yorksh.



1746. *Daniel Jeffrey.*

This Youth when in his sickness lay,
 did for the minister send × that he would
 Come & With him Pray × but he would not atnd
 But when this young man Buried was
 The Minister did him admit × he should be
 Carried into Church × that he might money geet
 By this you See what man will dwo × to geet
 money if he can × who did refuse to come
 and pray × by the Foresaid young man.

West Allington, Devon.

[*Query, How come the "Minister" to allow such an inscription to be set up in his churchyard?*]



1747. *Joseph Trapp, D.D., Vicar.*

Death, Judgment, Heaven, & Hell ! Think, Christian, think !
 You stand on vast Eternity's dread brink :
 Faith and Repentance, Piety and Prayer,
 Despise this world, the Next be all your care ;
 Thus, while my Tomb the solemn silence breaks,
 And to the eye this cold dumb marble speaks,
 Tho' dead, I preach : if e'er with ill success
 Living, I strove the important truths to press,
 Your precious, your immortal souls to save,
 Hear me at least, oh hear me from the grave !

S. Leonard, Foster-Lane.



1747. *William West, aged 8.*

The Lord was pleased His power to show
 In giving me a mortal throw,
 Which was from off a waggon's head
 Crush'd with the wheels as it was said.
 Let this my death a warning be
 The young or old I plainly see
 Must go when death doth for you call
 Appointed time there is for all.

Wolverton, Somersf.



1751. *Charles Rathbone.*

Here Charles Rathbone he doth lie
 And by a misfortune he did die
 On the 17th of July.

1751.

S. Giles', Shrewsbury.1751. *Joseph Dain.*

Good peppell as you pass by
 I pray you on me cast an I
 For as you am so wounce wous I
 And as i am so must you be
 Therefore prepare to follow me.

Hastings, Suffex.1751. *James Ramsay, Portioner of Melrose.*

The earth goeth on the earthe
 Glisteringe like gold
 The earthe goeth to the earthe
 Sooner than it wold
 The earth builds on the earthe
 Castles and Towers
 The earthe says to the earthe
 All shall be ours.

Melrose, N. B.1752. *Charles Brown.*

Here lyes in the dust Charles Brown
 Sometime a wricht in LONDON TOWN
 Who comin' hame parents to see
 And of his years being twenty three
 Of a decay with a bad host
 He dyed upon the Yorkshire coast.
 The 18th of May 1752.
 We hope his foule in Heaven rests now.

Leslie, Fife.

1753. *Thomas Payne, aged 11 years.*

Silent Grave, to thee I trust
These precious Piles of lovely Duft
Keep them safely, sacred Tomb,
Till a Father asks for Room.

T. F. hoc posuit 1754.

S. Helen's, Bishopsgate.



1753.

Here lyes the body of JAMES VERNOR Esq^r. only
surviving son of Admiral Vernor, died the 23^d July, 1753.

S. Andrew's, Plymouth.



1756. *Rebecca Leyborne.*

In memory of Rebecca Leyborne
Interr'd at the foot of this pillar,
Born *June* the 4th, 1698,
Deceased *February* 18, 1756.

A Wife more than twenty-three years to *Robert*
Leyborne, D.D.

Who never saw her once ruffled with anger,
or heard her utter even a peevish word;
Whether pain'd or injur'd, the same good woman,
In whose mouth, as in whose character,
was no contradiction:

Resign'd, gentle, courteous, affable:
Without passion, tho' not without sense,
She took offence as little as she gave it;
She never was, or made, an enemy;
To servants mild; to relations kind;
To the poor a friend, to the stranger hospitable;
Always caring how to please her husband,
Yet was her attention to the one thing needful.
How few will be able to equal,
What all should endeavour to imitate!

Bath Abbey.



1756. *John Spearing.*

Here beneath this Cold stone
 Lies Harmonious John
 Let not antient songs claim
 To themselves all the fame
 Comparifon leaves no room
 Their harmonious Powers
 Built but Walls & high Towers
 We've raifed with Mufick
 This Toom.

North Stoneham, Hants.

1756. *Miss Bafnett.*

Go fpotlefs Honour & unfullied Truth,
 Go fmiling Innocence & blooming Youth,
 Go female Sweetnefs, join'd with manly Senfe,
 Go winning Wit that never gave offence,
 Go foft Humanity that bleft the poor,
 Go faint-eyed Patience from affliction's door,
 Go Modesty that never wore a frown,
 Go Vertue & receive thy heavenly Crown.

Not from a Stranger came this heartfelt verfe,
 The Friend infcrib'd thy Tombe, whole Tear bedew'd thy
 herfe.

S. Pancras.

1756. *John Guley.*

Here lieth the body of JOHN GULEY Sen^r in expectation
 of the laft Day. What fort of man he was, that Day will
 difcover.¹ He was clerk of this Parifh 55 years. He died
 in 1756, aged 75.

Cofton Hackett, Worc.

¹ This rather dubious remark occurs in more than one place, e.g., at Ilfracombe, Devon, to JOHN & MARY DOCKETT, of whom it is faid, "They was Governour & Governefs of the Poor's Houfe near this Church. They was members of the Church of England all their days. Their bodies lies in thofe two graves expecting a joyful Refurrection at the Laft Day. What fort of people they was, that Day will difcover."



1756. *Mary Ward.*

May this Monument be sustained
 To the end of Time
 SACRED
 To the Memory and Vertues of
Miss MARY WARD
 The Darling of her Friends
 The Admiration of Strangers
 And real Blessing of her Family.
 Her Person
 Was tall and gracefull
 Her Features
 Handsome and Regular
 But her Mind
 Pious, Modest, Delicate and Amiable
 Beyond the credit of Description.
 Parents of Children
 And Inhabitants of her Native Village
 Drop a Tear
 To this Sweet Short-lived Flower
 Who having just added a Complete Education
 To her natural Excellencies
 DIED
 Uncommonly Perfect and Lamented
 On the 30th Jan^y.
 1756
 Aged 15 years 6 months.

Gt. Wilbraham, Camb.1757. *John Dale.*

Know posterity that on the 8th of April in the year of Grace
 1757, the rambling remains of the above said JOHN DALE
 were in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two
 wives.

This thing, in life, might raise some jealousy;
 Here all three lie together lovingly;

But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
 Alike are here all human joys & woes.
 Here *Sarah's* chiding *John* no longer hears,
 And old *John's* rambling *Sarah* no more fears;
 A period's come to all their toilsome lives;
 The Goodman's quiet, still are both his Wives.

Bakewell, Derb.



1758. *Jane Wyatt.*

O thou most beloved sister and dearest friend, let me thus
 bid thee a sorrowful but, as my soul hopes, not an everlasting
 farewell.

Ewerne Minster, Dorset.



1759. *Thomas Yerbury.*

From ev'ry blustrous Storm of Life,
 And that worst storm, domestick Strife,
 Which shipwrecks all our social joys,
 And ev'ry worldly Bliss destroys;
 I luck'ly am arrived at last,
 And safe in Port my Anchor's cast;
 Where shelter'd by the blissful Shore,
 Nought shall disturb, or vex me more;
 But joys serene, & calmest Peace,
 Which Christ bestows, shall never cease.

Newnham, Glouc.



1759. *Thomas & Elizabeth Pyndar, & Reginald their Son.*

As their Memorials have one Stone,
 So were their hearts entirely one;
 Whose Virtues could this Stone relate,
 Or couldst thou, Reader, imitate,
 This Stone all others would excell
 In speaking, those in doing well.

Kempley, Glouc.



1759. *Joan Ley.*

JOAN LEY here she Lay^s all mold in grave
I Truft in God her Soul to fave
And with her Saviour Chrift to dwell
And there i hope to Live as well
This Compof^d by her Gratefull Husband
NICHOLAS LEY.

Ilfracombe, Devon.

1760. *Benjamin Dobins.*

The coftly Marble may perhaps exprefs
In lying lines th' Unworthy's Worthinefs:
Thy humble Stone fhall this fad Truth convey,
The beft belov'd is fooneft call'd away.
Full fhort, but full of Honour, was thy Span,
Thou tender Husband, and thou honeft Man.

Almondsbury, Glouc.

1760. *John Cook.*

Here lieth JOHN JAMES
COOK of NEWBY
who was a faithful fervant to his Mafter
and an
upright downright honeft man.

Banes amang ftanes
Do lye fou ftill:
Whik the foul wanders
Een where God will.

Ripon, Yorkfb.



1761. "*Beau Nash.*"

Adeste O Cives, adeste Lugentes !
 hic silent Leges
 RICARDI NASH, Armig.
 nihil amplius imperantis :
 qui diu et utilissimè
 assumptus Bathoniae
 elegantiae Arbiter,
 eheu !
 morti, (ultimo designatori)
 haud indecorè succubuit,
 ann. Dom. MDCCLXI. Ætat. suae LXXXVII.
 beatus ille qui sibi imperiosus !

If social virtues make remembrance dear,
 Or manners pure on decent rule depend ;
 To *His* remains consign one grateful tear,
 Of youth the Guardian, and of all the Friend.

Now sleeps Dominion ; here no Bounty flows ;
 Nor more avails the festive scene to grace,
 Beneath that Hand which no discernment shews,
 Untaught to honour, or distinguish place.

*Bath Abbey.**[Written by Dr. Harington.]*1764. *John & Alice Browning.*

Death in a good old age
 Ended our weary pilgrim stage
 It was to we a end of pain
 In hopes to enter Life again.

Legh Delamere, Wilts.

1765. *Thomas Chambers.*

“Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF THOMAS CHAMBERS
DANCING MASTER

whose genteel address and assiduity
in Teaching
recommended him to all that had the
pleasure of his acquaintance.

He died June 13, 1765.

Aged 31.

Llanbelig, Carnarv.



1767. *Mary, the wife of the Rev. William Mason.*

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear ;
Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave.
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form ; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line ?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
Speak, dead Maria ; breathe a strain divine :
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids “the pure in heart behold their GOD.”

Bristol Cathedral.



1767. *Joseph Newton.*

Who wished to live peaceably with all men.
 Born 12th July 1682: died Jany 10th 1767.
 He lived in the reigns of
 Twelve crowned heads of Englande.

Sheffield S. Peter.

1767. *John Bilbie, Clockmaker, aged 33.*

Bilbie, thy
 Movements kept in play
 For thirty years and more we say,
 Thy Balance or thy
 Mainspring's broken,
 And all thy movements cease to work.

Axbridge, Somersf.

1768. *John Archer, æt. 74.*

Beneath this stone lies ARCHER JOHN,
 Late Sexton I aver,
 Who without tears for 34 years
 Did carcases inter,
 Till to his dismay, on a summer day,
 Death to him once did say—
 Leave off your trade, Be not afraid
 But follow me away.
 Without reply, or word or sigh,
 The summons he obey'd;
 In seventeen hundred & sixty eight
 Resign'd his life & spade.

Selby Abbey.



1769. *David Williams.*

Under this Yew Tree
Bvried he would be :
Because his Father he
Planted this Yew Tree.

Guildsfield, Montgom.



1770. *Fane Shepherd.*

Short was my stay in this vain world,
All but a seeming laughter,
Therefore mark well my words & ways,
For thou com'st posting after.

Ripon, Yorksb.



1770.

In memory of
CHARLES WARD
Who died May 1770
Aged 63 years

A dutiful son, a loving brother
and an affectionate husband.

N. B. This stone was not erected by SUSAN his wife.
She erected a stone to JOHN SALTER her *second* husband,
forgetting the affection of CHARLES WARD her first
Husband.

Let no one disturb his bones.

Lowestoft, Suffolk.



1770. *George Morgan.*

Say more I need not, & say less who can ;
Here lies the gen'rous, humane, honest man.

Newland, Glouc.



1770. *Three Children of Joseph and Arabella Maton.*

Innocence Embellishes Divinely Complete
To Prescience Coegent Now Sublimely Great
To the Benign, Perfecting, Vivifying State.

So Heavenly Guardian Occupy the Skies
The Pre-existent God, Omnipotent, All-wise :
He can Surpassingly Immortalize thy Theme,
And Permanent thy songul¹ Celestiall Supreme.

When Gracious Refulgence bids the Grave Resign,
The Creator's Nursing Protection be Thine :
Thus each Perspiring Æther will Joyfully Rise
Transcendently Good, Superiminently Wise.

S. Edmund's, Salisbury.

¹ Song all ?

1771. *John Bisse.*

Tho here Engrave our Son so dear is laid
If God had pleas'd for him with us to staid
Until our eyes with his had closed been
Then had not us these days of sorrow seen.

Holt, Wilts.

1772. *John Stewart.*

Man's life is but a winter's day
Some only breakfast and away
Others to dinner stay & are full fed
The oldest man but sups & goes to bed.
Long is his life who lingers out the day
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

Barnwell Priory Church.

[Versions of this occur in several places, e.g., at Llangollen, &c.]



1773. *Rev. Samuel Love, Minor Canon.*

When *worthless* grandeur fills the embellish'd urn,
No poignant grief attends the fable bier ;
But when *distinguish'd* excellence we mourn,
Deep is the sorrow, genuine the tear.

Stranger, shouldst thou approach this awful shrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to seek ;
The Friend, the Son, the Christian, the Divine,
Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him, speak.

Oh ! let them in some pause of anguish say,
What zeal inspir'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast ;
How soon the unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way
From earth to heaven—from blessing to be blest.

Bristol Cathedral.

[By Mrs. Hannah More.]



1774. *John Foster, Head-master of Eton.*

Qui fuerim, ex hoc marmore cognosces :
Qualis vero cognosces alicubi.
Eo scilicet supremo tempore,
Quo egomet qualis et tu fueris cognoscam.

Windfor, Berks.



1776. *Richard Hooper.*

There Lyes the
body of RICHARD
HOOPER he dyed
March the 31st
MDCCLXXVI aged 76

Death in a good old age
Ended my weary Pilgrimage
The Tim^e will com^e to rise, & then
I hope to be with CHRIST. Amen.

Pewsey, Wilts.



1777. *Rebeka Gregor.*

I coo and Pine & Ne'er shall be at Rest,
Till I come to thee Dearest, Sweetest, Best.

REBEKA GREGOR

Daughter of John Osborne esqr.
of this Pa^{sh} lyes here buried.

Hartlep, Essex.



1777. *Ann Lingham, aged 24.*

By death's rude hand untimely snatch'd away,
I sleep in hope, & wait the dawning day,
When this frail dust shall triumph o'er the tomb,
And Virgin Beauty wear immortal bloom.
Wafted by angels to the blisful shore,
No more to sicken, & to die no more.
Farewell, my friends, farewell for ever dear,
Read this, & cease to drop the silent tear.

Woodbridge, Dorset.



1779.

ANNABELLA WILLETT

UXOR RODOLPHI WILLETT de Therley
Cessit fatis 10^{mo} Decembris, 1779, æt. 61^{mo};

Quadraginta annis in amore mutuo
Et in dies crescente, feliciter exactis.
Quid luges? Conviva satur, cede.

Cedo lubens;

ENS ENTIVM! miserere nostrum.

Gt. Canford, Dorset.



1779. *Richard & Elizabeth Barkland.*

When terrestriall all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence
Then celestiaall virtues with their full effulgent brilliant essence
Shall with beaming beauteous radiance through the ebullition
shine,

Transcending to glorious regions beatifical sublime ;
Then human power absorbed, deficient to delineate such
effulgent lasting sparks,
Where honest plebeians ever will have precedence over
ambiguous great monarchs.

Ercall Magna, Salop.

[Perhaps by the same writer as that at S. Edmund's, Sarum.]



1780. *Richard Weston, Baker.*

Short of weight
H . L . T . B . O .
R . W .
I . H . O . A . J . R .
A . D. 1780. A. 63.

S. Andrew's, Worcester.



1781. *Aaron Barkers.*

My wife so dear I've left behind
With an akeing heart & a troubl'd mind
In Heaven I hope your soul to see
So lead your life for to come to mee
There paine & greif cannot annoy
Nor yet eclipse our lovving joy.

Maker, Cornw.



1781. *James Barker.*

O cruel Death, how could you be so unkind,
To take him before, and leave me behind ?
You shou'd have taken both of us if either,
Which wou'd have been more pleasing to the survivor.

S. Philip's, Birmingham.



1784. *William Rideout.*

Full sixty years Life's busy path I trod,
 And always walked in the fear of God;
 Prepar'd for death, his summons did obey,
 And here must lie to hungry worms a prey.
 My body's rotting; yet my soul, I trust,
 Will rise again, and live among the just.

Shrowton, Dorset.

1787. *Daniel Tear.*

Here, Friend, is little Daniel's Tombe,
 To Joseph's age he did arrive;
 Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
 While labour kept poor Dan alive.
 Though strange yet true, full seventy years
 Was his wife happy in her TEARS.

Daniel Tear died Dec. 9th, 1787. Aged 110 years.

Kirk S. Anne, I. of Man.



1789.

O cruel death, so soon to end
 Two faithful wives & sincere friends
 Death takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
 And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

Harborne, near Birmingham.

1790. *Mary Ford.*

Here lyes MARY the Wife of JOHN FORD,
 We hope her soule is gone to the LORD;
 But if for Hell she has chang'd this life,
 She had better be there than be John Ford's wife.

Formerly at Potterne, Wilts.



1790. *Bryan Tunstall.*

Here lies poor but honest
BRYAN TUNSTALL
He was a most expert Angler,
until Death, envious of his merit,
threw out his line, hook'd him
and
landed him here the 21st day of April
1790.

Ripon, Yorksh.



1792. *Isaac Smith.*

Farewell vain world, I know enough of thee
An now am careless what thou sayst of me
Thy smiles I envy not nor thy frowns fear
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here
What faults you've seen in me, take care to shun
And look at home. Enough there's to be done.

Bishop's Cannings, Wilts.



1793. *Sarah Royston.*

A pale Consumption gave the fatal blow,
The stroke was certain, tho' th' effect was slow:
With ling'ring pain Heaven saw me sore oppress'd,
Pitied my sighs, & kindly gave me rest.

Woodburst, Hants.

[An early instance of this epitaph, which may be found, with slight variations, in almost every churchyard in the western and southern counties.]



1793. *John Berridge.*

Here lye
 the earthly Remains of
 JOHN BERRIDGE
 late VICAR of EVERTON
 and an Itinerant fervant of JESUS CHRIST
 who loved his MASTER & his WORK
 and after running on His errands many years
 was caught up to wait on Him in Heaven
 READER
 art thou born again?
 No Salvation without a New Birth.

I was born in fin February 1716
 Remain'd ignorant of my fallen state till 1730:
 Lived proudly on faith & works for
 salvation till 1754,
 Admitted to EVERTON VICARAGE 1755;
 Fled to JESUS alone for refuge 1756;
 Fell asleep in JESUS January 22, 1793.

*Everton, Lanc.**[Written by himself except the date of death.]*1794. *Sufanna Philips.*

Here lies a good & patient wife,
 Who in her life time hated strife;
 A gen'rous friend in time of need,
 And one who lov'd the poor to feed;
 A loving wife, a tender mother;
 'Tis hard to find out fuch another.

Stalbridge, Dorset.

1796. *Benjamin Coombes, Gent, & Betty his wife.*

Great God ! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more !

Woodbridge, Dorset.



1796. *Robert Baxter, of Farhouse.*

All you that please these lines to read,
It will cause a tender heart to bleed.
I was murdered upon the fell,
And by a man I knew full well ;
By bread & butter which he laid,
I, being harmless, was betrayed.
I hope he will rewarded be
That laid the poison there for me.

Knaretsdale, Northumb.



1797. *John Hayne.*

'Tis done, the last great debt of nature paid,
HAYNE amongst the numerous dead is laid :
O'er hills & dales, thro' woods, o'er mountains, rocks,
With keenest ardor he pursu'd the FOX :
Heedless of danger, stranger to dismay,
Dauntless thro' obstacles he held his way :
But now, alas ! no more his bosom beats
High in the chase, forgotten are his heats ;
His ardor boots him not, for here are bounds
Ne'er overleap'd by huntsman or by hounds ;
Here was his course arrested ; then draw near
Sons of the Chace, and drop the pitying tear :
Now o'er his tomb as you impassion'd bend,
And pensive think of your departed friend,
Repeat the tale convey'd in simple strain,
And sighing say—here lies poor honest HAYNE.

Pilton, Devon.



1797. *William Ash.*

Reader, pass on, nor waste your precious time
 On bad biography and murdered rhyme :
 What I was before 's well known to my neighbours,
 What I am now is no concern of yours.

West Down, Devon.

1798. *Susanna Wheffen.*

Sober, though liberal, and though prudent, just ;
 Trusty, though cautious whom she ought to trust ;
 She passed through life respected and admir'd,
 To that blest kingdom she so much desir'd.

Bishop's Candell, Dorset.

1799. *Thomas Johnson, Surgeon.*

What I was once some may relate,
 What I am now is all men's fate :
 What I shall be none can explain,
 Till he that call'd doth call again.

Brancepeth, Durham.

1800. *John Hart, "The 6th descendant from the Poet Shakespere."*

Here lies the only comfort of
 my life, Who was the best of
 Husbands to a wife, Since
 he is not, no joy I e'er shall
 have, Till laid by him
 within the silent grave ;
 Here we shall sleep, & quietly
 remain, Till by God's decree
 we meet in Heaven again,
 There with Christ eternally
 to dwell, And until that
 blest time, my Love, farewell.

Tewkesbury, Worc.



1800. *William Aldersley.*

More would you have ? Go ask the Poor he fed.
Whose was the Hand that raised their drooping head ;
Ask of the few whose path is strewn'd with flowers,
Who made the happy still have happier hours ;
Whose Voice like his could charm all care away,
Whose Look so tender, or whose Smile so gay :
Go ask of all—and learn from every tear,
The Good how honour'd, and the Kind how dear.

Stoke, Surrey.



1800. *Elizabeth Chudleigh.*

Smitten friends !
Are angels sent on errands full of love :
For us they languish, & for us they die :
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?
Ungrateful shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the reformation in our hearts ?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address,
Their posthumous advice, & pious prayer ?

Cattistocke, Dorset.



APPENDIX.

1613. *Jane Gee. The Latin version accidentally omitted at p. 53.*

EPICEDIUM EDWARDI GEE HVJVS ECCLESIAE IN
OBITU CHARISSIMAE SVAE CONJVGIS IANAE GEE QVAE OBIIT
VIGESIMO PRIMO DIE SEPTEMBRIS 1613

O MIHI SI NVMQVAM TAEDAS TETIGISSE JVGALIS
CONTIGERAT MISERO LVX MEA JANA JACET
VIX DVO LVSTRA SIMVL SVAVISSIMA DUXIMVS & MORS
INVIDA SVRRIPVIT LVX MEA JANA JACET
JANA JACES CVI NEC SIMILIS FIDISSIMA CONJVX
ADMETI: NEC PAR VXOR VLISSIS ERAT
FCEMINA NVLLA VIRI NEC PROLIS AMANTIOR VNQVAM
TE PIA NULLA MAGIS, NVLLA PVDICA MAGIS
ERGO ANIMA O FCELIX AETERNA PACE QVIESCAS
IN CCELIS VBI NVNC REGNA BEATA COLIS
AT TVA JANA MEIS LABETVR IMAGO MEDVLLIS
QVVM FERA DESTITVIT GRAMINA PISCIS AQVAS
NON VIRIDI POSTHAC INNIXVS FRONDE SIDERA
SED VELVTI AMISSA COMPARE TVRTVR ERO.



The following Epitaphs came to hand too late for insertion in their proper places.

1596. — *Skerne.*

If each thing's end^e do each thing's worth exprefs,
What is man's life, bvt uagve vnperfectnes.
How swiftly rvnne we to ovr fatall ende,
Which haue no hope, if death be not ovr friend.

I *Skerne* doe shew, that all ovr earthly trvft,
 All earthly fayes, and goods, and sweetes are dvft.
 Looke on ye worlde's infide, and looke on mee;
 Here ovtside is bvt painted vanitie.

Bere-Regis, Dorset.



1633. *John Starre.*

JOHN STARRE.

*Starr on hie!
 Where should a Starr be
 But on hie?
 Tho underneath
 He now doth lie
 Sleepinge in Dust
 Yet shall he rise
 More glorious than
 The Starres in skies.*

1 6 3 3.

Seaton, Devon.



1642. *Sir Edward Giles.*

No trvft to metals nor to marbles when
 These have their fate and wear away as men:
 Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and spent:
 Bvt vertve rears th' eternall monvment.
 What more than these can tombs and tombstones pay?
 Bvt here's the synfet of a tediovs day;
 These two asleep are, I'll bvt be vndrest
 And foe to bed; pray wish vs all good rest.

Dean Prior, Devon.

[Recorded by Prince, now illegible.]



1642. *Elizabeth Oldfield.*

Here is the wardrobe of my dufty clothes,
Which hands divine shall brush, and make foe gay
That my immortal soule shall put them on,
And weare the same vpon my Wedding Daye;
In which attire my Lord shall me convoy
Then to the Lodginge of eternal ioy.

Chipping-Sodbury, Glouc.

1643. *Robert Caunter, Gent.*

His pious soule wrapt in distemper'd earth,
Was now prepared for a second birth;
He straight ascending the caelestial spheres,
Cast off her mantle, and hath left it here.

Ashburton, Devon.

1650. *Mary Elford.*

TO THE MEMORIE OF

MARY THE THIRD WIFE OF JOHN ELFORD OF
SHITSTOR, Esq., WAS HERE INTERRED FEBR. y^e 16
A^o 1642, HAVING ISSUE AT A BIRTH MARY & SARAH

Wed. poefie

AS MARYES CHOYCE MADE IOHN REIOYCE
below

Soe was her losse his heauie crosse most know
Yet lost she is not sure but found aboue
Death gaue her life t'imbrace A dearer loue.

Anagr. {MARY ELFORD} {FEAR MY LORD}

Then FEAR MY LORD whilst yet y^a mou'ft on mold
That foe those arms that mee may thee infold
Neer twelue moneths day her maridge heer did pass
Her heauenly nuptiall consummated was
She fertile prou'd in soule and bodye both
In life good workes at death she twyns brought forth

And like A fruitfull tree with bearing dy'd
 Yet Phoenix like for one there two furuiued
 Which shortly posted their deare mother after
 Least this contagion their poore foules might slaughter
 Then cease your sad laments I am but gone
 To reape aboue what I below haue sowne.

A^o aetat} {VIXIT OBIIIT SVPERIS¹

MARIA GALE IOHANNIS ELFORD VXOR TERTIA
 HEV OBIIIT EX PVERPERIO} {ERECTUM FUIT A^o 1650.

Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, Devon.

¹ This line gives her age, 25; the two following lines the date of her death, 1642.



1662. *Edward Gould & Margaret his wife.*

Death spar'd not MARGARET,
 Although a PEARL in GOULDE soe nicely set.

Staverton, Devon.



1669. *Robert Roch (1625) & John Antrem.*

The bodys here of two Divines embrace,
 Both which were once the Pastors of this place :
 And if their corps each other seem to greet,
 What will they do when soule and body meet?

Elton, Dorset.



1672. *Elizabeth Laurence.*

Goodness in heaven gave a birth
 In her to goodness here on earth ;
 And having time long-with her blest,
 Took her to heaven there to rest.
 Goodness on earth doth now in mourning go,
 Because she hath no pattern here below.

Wraxhall, Dorset.



1672. *Rev. Richard Ham.*

In memoriam RICH. HAM hujus Ecclesiae quondam
Pastoris, qui in Musaeo, Lectioni, Precebus et Jejuniis
incumbens, Spiritum ejus efflavit die sexto Septembris, 1672.

Conditur hoc tumulo corpus venerabilis HAMI

HAMI quo pisces Christus captabat acuti

Quamvis nunc vili cubat ipse rubigine plenus

Attamen (ex putredine) clarus in aethera surget.

Ipplepen, Devon.



*The two following Epitaphs, though later than 1800, seem too
curious to be rejected.*

*Many persons probably will be glad to be presented to the real
"Lady O' Looney," with whom I myself became acquainted only in
February, 1877, during a casual visit to her place of rest.*

1802. *George Rongleigh.*

Here lies in a horizontal position

The outside case of GEORGE RONGLEIGH, Watchmaker,

Whose abilities in that line were an honor

to his profession :

Integrity was the Mainpring

and Prudence the Regulator

of all the actions of his life ;

Humane, generous, and liberal,

His Hand never stopped

Till he had relieved distress :

So nicely were all his Actions regulated

That he never went wrong,

Except when set a going

By People

Who did not know his key :

Even then he was easily set right again.

He had the art of disposing his time so well

That his hours glided away
 In one continual round
 of pleasure and delight,
 Till an unlucky minute put a period to
 His existence.
 He departed this life November 14th, 1802,
 aged 57;
 Wound up
 In hopes of being taken in hand
 by his Maker,
 And of being thoroughly cleaned and repaired,
 And set a going
 In the world to come.

Lydford, Devon.

[Copied June, 1857.]



1839. *Mrs. Jane Molony.* ("Lady O'Looney.")¹

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 MRS. JANE MOLONY

WHO LIES INTERRED IN A VAULT UNDERNEATH THIS CHAPEL
 DAUGHTER OF ANTONY SHEE OF CASTLE BAR IN THE COUNTY OF
 MAYO ESQRE

WHO WAS MARRIED TO MISS BURKE OF CURRY IN THE SAID
 COUNTY

AND COUSIN TO THE RT HONBLE EDMOND BURKE COMMONLY
 CALLED THE SUBLIME

WHOSE BUST IS HERE SURMOUNTED OR SUBJOINED
 THE SAID JANE WAS COUSIN TO THE LATE COUNTESS OF
 BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

AND WAS MARRIED TO THREE SUCCESSIVE HUSBANDS FIRST
 STUART ESQRE

COUSIN TO THE LATE MARQUIS OF BUTE; SECONDLY TO WILLIAM
 COLLINS JACKSON

¹ In a very mutilated form this epitaph has long been current as that of "Lady O'Looney," & was said to be found at Pewsey, Wilts.

OF LANGLEY LODGE IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS FORMERLY
MILITARY SECRETARY

TO THE HON : EAST INDIA COMPANY IN INDIA ESQRE
THIRDLY EDMOND MOLONY OF CLONONY CASTLE KING'S COUNTY
IRELAND ESQRE

BARRISTER AT LAW AND LATE, OF WOODLANDS IN THE COUNTY
OF DUBLIN

COUSIN TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, WHO IS BROTHER IN LAW
OF THE

PRESENT EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND ALSO COUSIN OF LORD
VISCOUNT DILLON

OF COSTOLLO AND GALLON IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND
THE FIRST WIFE OF THE SAID EDMOND MOLONY WAS JANE
MALONE

WHO IS INTERRED IN THE DEMESNE OF BARINSTOWN
IN THE COUNTY OF WESTMEATH WITH HER
BROTHER IN LAW ANTONY MALONE ESQRE, AND ALSO WITH
HER COUSINS LORD SUNDERLIN

AND HIS PREDECEASED BROTHER EDMOND MALONE COMMONLY
CALLED

SHAKSPEAR MALONE LATE OF QUEEN ANNE STREET EAST LONDON
SHE WAS DAUGHTER OF SERGEANT RICHARD MALONE AN
EMINENT LAWYER AND

A GREAT STATESMAN WHO POSSESSED GREAT ESTATES IN THE
SAID KING'S COUNTY

AND NIECE TO THE RT. HONBLE ANTONY MALONE DECEASED
WHO WAS GREATLY

REGRETTEED OF WHOM IT WAS SAID BY ONE OF THE MOST
ELEGANT WRITERS

OF THE DAY THAT HE POSSESSED ONE OF THE SWEETEST TONGUES
THAT EVER UTTERED THE DICTATES OF REASON

HE WAS A GREAT PATRIOT AND REFUSED THE GREAT SEALS OF
IRELAND THE SITUATION

BEING AT THE PLEASURE OF THE CROWN WHILE CHANCELLOR
OF THE EXCHEQUER

OF IRELAND FROM WHICH HE WAS REMOVED WITHOUT CAUSE
OR HIS OWN CONSENT

HE AVAILED HIMSELF OF THE JUDICIAL PLACE ATTACHED TO IT
AND SAT ON THE BENCH ABOVE THE CHIEF BARON AND DECIDED
MANY CASES

WHICH GAVE GENERAL SATISFACTION AND HIS DECREES WERE
NEVER QUESTIONED

HE DIED 1776 AGED 76

THE SAID MRS MOLONY OTHERWISE MALONE DIED AT SAID
WOODLANDS

IN FEBRUARY 1808 AGED 59

THE SAID MRS MOLONY OTHERWISE SHEE DIED IN LONDON IN
JANUARY 1839

AGED 74

SHE WAS HOT PASSIONATE AND TENDER
AND A HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED LADY AND A SUPERB DRAWER
IN WATER COLOURS WHICH WAS MUCH ADMIRERD IN THE
EXHIBITION ROOM IN

SOMERSET HOUSE SOME YEARS PAST

“THOUGH LOST FOR EVER, YET A FRIEND IS DEAR
THE HEART YET PAYS A TRIBUTARY TEAR.”

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY HER DEEPLY AFFLICTED
HUSBAND THE

SAID EDMOND MOLONY IN MEMORY OF HER GREAT VIRTUES
AND TALENTS

BELOVED AND DEEPLY REGRETTEED BY ALL WHO KNEW HER
FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Chapel of S. George's Burying Ground, London, W.

[Copied May, 1877.]



INDEX OF NAMES AND PLACES.

Abston, 152.
Acton, 24.
Adane, R., 9.
Adlam; Rev. R., 125.
Airay, Rev. H., 59.
Aldbrough, 28.
Aldenham, 127.
Aldersley, W., 177.
Aldworth, Richard, 45.
Aleffe, Thomas, 22.
Allen, Ann, 118.
Allington, East, 117.
 " West, 157.
Almondsbury, 163.
Alton-Priors, 36.
Alwington, 104.
Anderfon, James, 135.
Andrews, Ann, 59.
Angell, Mary, 136.
Antrem, J., 182.
Arbroath, 141.
Arlington, 70.
Archer, J., 166.
Archer, G. and A., 144.
Arreton, 9, 63, 64.
Arundell, Marya, 75.
Ash, Ann, 96.
Ash, William, 176.
Ashburton, 86, 101, 181.
Aske, J., 146.
Atherington, 117.
Aughton, 116.
Austin, Richard, 156.
Austin, Samuel and Mary, 156.
Avobury, 39.
Averham, 91.

Awood, Robert, 153.
Axebridge, 166.
Aylesbury, 156.

Babrabam, 44.
Baby, Abraham, 143.
Bailey, Annis, 97.
Bakenham, 65.
Bakewell, 162.
Balquidder, 128.
Banbury, 98, 112.
Banham, 131.
Bannatine, Thomas, 82.
Bardsey, 130.
Baret, J., 12.
Barford, 33.
Barker, J., 171.
Barkers, A., 171.
Barking, 124.
Barkland, R. and E., 170.
Barnstaple, 95, 101, 111.
Barnwell, 168.
Barrow-on-Soar, 32.
Bartlot, L., 13.
Baſnett, Miſs, 160.
Baſſet, J. & S., 115.
Baſtel, G., 37.
Baſt Abbey, 59, 159, 164.
Baxter, R., 175.
Bayntun, Sir E., 30.
Beaple, Richard, 95.
Bedingfield, Elizabeth, 85.
Belfyre, Alexander, 27.
Beneſtede, Andrew, 21.
Benſon, William, 45.
Bere-Regis, 180.

- Bergbolt, East*, 98.
Berkeley, 80.
Berridge, Rev. J., 174.
Berry Narbor, 100.
Berry Pomeroy, 36.
Best, R., 76.
Bettesthorne, J., 4.
Beverley, 120.
Bewes, Cheften, 128.
Bewfforeste, R., 18.
Bigton, 89.
Bigbury, 52.
Bilbie, J., 166.
Bird, J., 24.
Birmingham, 171.
Bishopsgate, S. Helen, 26, 39, 84, 123,
 126, 159.
Bisley, 19.
Biffey, J., 168.
Bittadon, 136.
Blackford, Daniel, 128.
Blatherwycke, 82.
Blewitt, R. & M., 57.
Blidworth, 48.
Blount, C., 25.
Boles, Rev. R., 133.
Bolles, George, 78.
Bolstower, 66.
Bond, A., 29.
Bonner, J., 62.
Bontfant, R., 12.
Borrows, William, 142.
Bourchier, W., 68.
Bradfield, 118.
Bradley, Little, 32.
Brancepeth, 176.
Branscombe, 113.
Braunston, 142.
Braunton, 138.
Bridge Solers, 140.
Brightwell-Baldwin, 4, 132.
Brimleis, J., 29.
Brinckhurst, J., 31.
Bristol, All Saints, 94.
 „ *Cathedral*, 165, 169.
 „ *S. Michael*, 96.
 „ *S. Werburgh*, 77.
Bromfield, Lucy, 62.
Bromham, 30, 88.
Brook, T., 89.
Brough, 134.
Broughton-Gifford, 65.
Brown, Charles, 158.
Brown, Humphrey, 77.
Browne, R., 28.
Browning, J. & A., 164.
Brownrigg, Christopher, 116.
Bunhill Fields Cemetery, 137, 139, 144.
Burford, 10, 72.
Burgoin, William, 70.
Burgoyne, T., 19.
Burnham, 31.
Bursted, Little, 119.
Burton, J., 12.
Burton, Robert, 91.
Bury S. Edmund's, 13.
Busbead, 11.
Busbley, 106.
Button, W., 36.
Byrkes, R., 30.

Cæsar, Sir Julius, 84.
Caius, Dr., 29.
Calbourne, 106.
Caldwell, Florens, 35.
Caldwell, L. & M., 73.
Calmady, Shilston, 95.
Calverleigh, 88, 108.
Cambridge, 29.
Camfield, G. & B., 122.
Campbell, Isobel, 128.
Candel, Bishop's, 176.
 „ *Stourton*, 148.
Canford, Great, 170.
Cannings, Bishop's, 173.
Cantelowe, Margaret, 14.
Canterbury, 3, 17.
Cantley, 145.
Carew, Thomas & A., 111.
Carisbrooke, 64.
Cartmell, 41.
Cattislocke, 177.
Caunter, Robert, 181.
Cave, Theo., 32.
Cavendish, Sir C., 61.
Cerne Abbas, 142.

- Chagford*, 93.
Chamberlayne, R., 27.
Chambers, T., 165.
Cheltenham, 91.
Chester, J., 92.
Chichele, W., 8.
Chicheley, 92.
Chipping-Sodbury, 181.
Chishull, J., 95.
Chittlehampton, 121.
Chudleigh, Elizabeth, 177.
Clarke, Ann, 153.
Clarke, R., 131.
Clutterbuck, F., 146.
Clyst S. George, 58.
Coffer, J., 33.
Coffin, Richard, 104.
Cobham, 2.
Cobham, Joan de, 2.
Cofion-Hackett, 160.
Coggeshall, 19.
Cole, Humphrey, 71.
Cole, Laurence, 124.
Colemore, Sarah, 105.
Colkirk, 114.
Collingbourne Ducis, 78.
Colwell, R., 21.
Colyton, 121.
Conway, 86.
Cook, J. J., 163.
Cooke, Anthony, 55.
Coombes, Benjamin, 175.
Cople, 21.
Corbett, Elizabeth, 149.
Cordell, Edward, 78.
Cornhill, S. Michael, 19, 73.
Cornwallis, Edward, 20.
Cotes, T., 99.
Courtenay, Edward, 7.
Courtney, Mary, 110.
Creffy, J. & J., 16.
Cripps, Mary, 144.
Croke, Frances, 46.
Crowche, W., 60.
Croyland, 143.
Crudwell, 127.
Crufe, G. & T., 101.
Cupper, Elizabeth, 149.
Curry, 138.
Curfon, M., 50.
Cutcliffe, Charles & Grace, 87.
Dagenbam, 75.
Dain, Joseph, 158.
Dale, J., 161.
Dalton-in-Furness, 116.
Daluffe, R., 13.
Danvers, Anne, 22.
Darrijsdeer, 131.
Dart, Rose, 107.
Dartmouth, 49, 88, 146.
Dauntsey, 22.
Day, Rev. J., 67.
Daye, J., 32.
Dean Prior, 180.
Dency, Anne, 119.
Denham, W., 31.
Dent, R., 144.
Dickes, Rev. J., 80.
Digby, Robert & Mary, 151.
Dinton, 79, 147.
Dobins, Benjamin, 163.
Dockett, J. & Mary, 160.
Doddridge, Dorothea, 58.
Doncaster, 30.
Dorchester, 18, 25.
Drax, W., 123.
Duloe, 75.
Dunch, Captain, 139.
Dunche, Anne, 74.
Dunston, 103.
Dunbeved, S. Stephen, 150.
Dunkerton, 80.
Dunton, 95.
Durham Cathedral, 29.
Durfton, Rev. J., 150.
Dypforde, Henry, 36.
Earth, Roger, 79.
Easingwold, 156.
Edinburgh, 83.
Edmonton, 138.
Edward the Black Prince, 3.
Edwards, Abraham, 103.
Edwards, Izan, 55.
Eedes, Dean, 46.

- Egham*, 29.
Ela, Abbess, 1.
Elford, Mary, 181.
Elgin, 133.
Elingham, 43.
Elmore, 14.
Elmslet, 50.
Elton, 182.
English, Dr., 91.
Engliscombe, 132.
Epsworth, 154.
Ercall-Magna, 171.
Efton, J., 26.
Evance, Rev. D., 106.
Everleigh, 102.
Everton, 174.
Externe Minster, 147, 162.
Exeter, 58, 109.
Eyer, T., 31.
Eykyn, J., 153.
Eyre, Elizabeth, 88.

Fabian, R., 18.
Farmington, 153.
Father and Son, 113.
Ferrar, Anne, 55.
Ferris, Richard, 101.
Feversham, 21.
Filleigh, 27.
Finch, W., 126.
Finedon, 144.
Flamsted, 6.
Flavel, Rev. T., 129.
Fletcher, Rev. Joseph, 86.
Flint, A., 20.
Flood, Frances, 149.
Folkestone, 132.
Ford, Mary, 172.
Ford, Thomas, 112.
Forrabury, 125.
Fortescue Family, 71.
Fortescue, R., 27.
Foster, Rev. J., 169.
Forwey, 110.
Foxe, Emma, 28.
Freeborne, A. & D., 113.
Freeman, Robert, 106.
Frettenham, 7.

Frivile, Sir J. de, 2.
Fry, Frances, 148.
Furlong, Elizabeth, 93.

Gabetis, T., 134.
Garden, Walter, 20.
Gardiner, Roger, 113.
Gaye, W., 105.
Geddington, 76, 97.
Gee, Jane, 53, 179.
Geedes, J. & I., 133.
Geers, J., 139.
Gibson, A., 51.
Gibson, Nicholas, 24.
Giffard, Mrs. Grace, 121.
Gilbert, R., 145.
Giles, Sir Edward, 180.
Glasgow, 51.
Gloucester, S. Katharine, 150.
Goldwyre, W., 19.
Goldsmith, Thomas, 145.
Goodyere, Sir H., 46.
Gorges, T. & R., 126.
Gould, Edward & Mary, 182.
Gourd, Katharine, 125.
Graye, Robert, 81.
Gregor, Rebeka, 170.
Greenhill, Rev. Nicholas, 132.
Gresham, Maurice, 97.
Grey, T., 21.
Grimstone, Edward, 42.
Grove, Hugh, 109.
Grylls, Grace, 85.
Guildsfield, 167.
Guley, J., 160.
Gundrada, 1.
Gyfe, J., 14.

Hacombe, 111, 131.
Hadleigh, 76, 142.
Hadley, 46.
Halke, Agnes, 17.
Hall, Susanna, 102.
Halvergate, 16.
Ham, Rev. Richard, 183.
Hamilton, 120.
Handborough, 27.
Harborne, 172.

- Harding, Philip, 127.
 Hardy, J. & E., 74.
 Harford, 27.
 Harris, T., 86.
 Harrison, Anne, 156.
 Hart, J., 176.
 Hartland, 47, 136.
 Hartlep, 170.
 Hastings, 158.
 Hathaway, Anne, 67.
 Hawles, Harry, 9.
 Haydon, Sarah, 66.
 Hayne, J., 175.
 Heanton-Punchardon, 105, 115.
 Heavitree, 126.
 Helliard, J., 69.
 Helliard, Nathaniel, 103.
 Heminge, Thomas, 142.
 Henfield, 79.
 Herne, 21, 85.
 Herrenden, J., 28.
 Higgs, Rev. G., 140.
 Higham-Ferrars, 2, 8.
 Hill, Michael, 118.
 Hill, T., 13.
 Holcombe-Rogus, 57.
 Holdsworth, Mary, 72.
 Holmes, Thomas, 137.
 Holt, 97, 168.
 Honiton, 151.
 Hookes, N., 86.
 Hooper, Richard, 169.
 Horndon, East, 135.
 Horrox, Jeremiah, 94.
 Horsfepole, Rev. J., 8.
 Horsham, 137.
 Horfwell, Ann, 42.
 Howse, J. & c., 135.
 Huddersfield, 89.
 Huddesfield, Katherine, 16.
 Hunstanton, 108.
 Hurfley, 42.
 Hyde, L., 36.
 Ickford, 155.
 Ideley, Pers, 25.
 Ightham, 92.
 Ilford, Great, 14.
 Ilfracombe, 87, 110, 116, 160, 163.
 Ilfrington, 112.
 Ipplepen, 183.
 Ipswich, 139.
 Iron-Aston, 7.
 Isle of Man, 117, 172.
 Iwer, 56.
 Jarret, J., 73.
 Jeffery, Daniel, 157.
 Jesus Chapel, 23.
 John y^e Smith, 4.
 Johnson, T., 176.
 Jones, Humphrey, 155.
 Judd, Sir A., 26.
 Kay, Christopher, 134.
 Keeling, W., 64.
 Keene, Deborah, 138.
 Kelsball, 9.
 Kempley, 162.
 Kendal, 74.
 Kenne, 86.
 Kenton, 108.
 Kerfwell, Abbot's, 90.
 Kerwin, R., 58.
 Kerwin, W., 39.
 Killyleagh, 124.
 King's Teignton, 125.
 Knaresdale, 175.
 Knook, 38.
 Knowler, J., 85.
 Knowles, T., 6.
 Lacock, 1.
 "Lady O'Looney," 184.
 Lambe, Edward, 98.
 Lambe, William, 23.
 Landkey, 97.
 Langford, 135.
 Launceston, 121, 128.
 Laurence, Elizabeth, 182.
 Laurence, Gabriel, 67.
 Laurence, G. & S., 104.
 Lavenham, 137.
 Leake, T., 48.
 Legb-Delamere, 164.
 Leigh, Elizabeth, 63.

Leigh, Elizabeth & Gertrude, 63.

Leslie, 144, 158.

Ley, Joan, 163.

Leybourne, Rebecca, 159.

Lillington, 124.

Lincoln, 11.

Lindridge, 69, 112, 120.

Lingham, Ann, 170.

Lister, C., 130.

Liverpool, 94.

Llanbelig, 165.

Longe, Robert, 65.

LONDON:—

All-Hallows, Barking, 59.

" Bread Street, 75.

" Lombard Street, 37, 55.

Christ Church, Bridewell, 44.

S. Alban, Wood Street, 51.

S. Andrew, Holborn, 45.

S. Ann in the Willows, 28.

S. Antolin, 6.

S. Bartholomew the Great, 93.

S. Benet, Paul's Wharf, 124.

" Sberebog, 55.

S. Botolph, Aldersgate, 52.

S. Dunstan in the West, 8, 13, 60, 78.

S. Edmund, Lombard Street, 15.

S. Faith, 23.

S. George's Burying Ground, 186.

S. Giles, Cripplegate, 104.

S. Helen, Bishopsgate, 26, 39, 84, 123,
126, 159.

S. John Zachary, 54.

S. Katharine Cree, 46.

S. Leonard, Foster Lane, 20, 157.

" Shoreditch, 38.

S. Margaret, Lothbury, 65.

" Westminster, 20, 149.

S. Martin, Ludgate, 35.

" Vintry, 8, 13.

S. Mary Aldermary, 25.

" Summersett, 60.

S. Mary Magdalene, Milk Street, 49.

S. Matthew, Friday Street, 41.

S. Michael Bassishaw, 12.

" Cornhill, 19, 73.

" Eastcheap, 152.

S. Mildred, Poultry, 30.

S. Nicholas Olave, 11.

S. Nicholas Cole Abbey, 45.

S. Olave, Hart Street, 37.

" Jewry, 27.

" Southwark, 45.

S. Pancras, 155, 160.

S. Pancrate, Soper's Lane, 56.

S. Paul's, 34.

S. Saviour's, Southwark, 73.

S. Stephen, Coleman Street, 51.

S. Swithin, Cannon Street, 78.

S. Thomas, Southwark, 26.

Love, Rev. Samuel, 169.

Low, Dr., 51.

Lowestoft, 118, 167.

Lupton, Margaret, 147.

Luton, 17, 19.

Luttrell, Nicholas, 47.

Lydford, 184.

Mably, J. & A., 131.

Maker, 171.

Maldon, 10.

Manfield, R., 10.

Manners, Sir R., 79.

Marlborough, 28.

Marshall, James, 143.

Marshall, J., 11.

Marshfield, 66.

Martyn, Sir N., 108.

Masbam, 134.

Mason, Mary, 165.

Mason, William, 90.

Maton, Children of J. & A., 168.

Maule, Mary, 115.

McMichel, Daniel, 131.

Meekle, Andrew, 138.

Melrose, 158.

Membury, 95, 149.

Mere, 4.

Meredeth, 66.

Merrett, T., 122.

Mickleham, 29, 62.

Micolt, J., 8.

Middleton, Anne, 41.

Milton, Great, 109.

Milton, Kent, 22.

Mimms, North, 141.

Miferden, 150.
Molony, Mrs. Jane, 184.
Monkleigh, 105.
Moor, J., 90.
Morchard-Bishop, 135.
More, of Norwich, 43.
More, Richard, 6.
More, T., 124.
Moreton, South, 6.
Morgan, George, 167.
Morgan, J. & E., 38.
Mortimer, Maud de, 2.
Mosfoke, Henry, 116.
Mountague, Catherine, 52.
Mullyn, 129.
Mufgrave, J., 130.

Nailsea, 77.
Nash, "Beau," 164.
Natticombe, 130.
Newberry, W., 138.
Newland, 167.
Newnham, 162.
Newton, Joseph, 166.
Nordell, R., 15.
Northleach, 14.
Norwich, S. Giles, 85.
 " S. Gregory, 41.
 " S. John Maddermarket, 47.
 " S. Peter, 21.

Oakham, 143.
Ockham, 154, 155, 159.
Okehampton, 48.
Oken, T., 28.
Okey, Samuel, 144.
Oldfield, Elizabeth, 181.
Ombersley, 149.
Ombury, 77.
Orgen, J., 37.
Ormsby, Great, 10.
Orwell, 69.
Osborne, Juliana, 58.
Ottery S. Mary, 61, 66.
Oundeley, J., 6.
Overbury, Sir T., 57.
Oxford Cathedral, 91.
 " New College, 13.

Oxford, Queen's, 59.
Oxbill, 128.

Paget, William, 98.
Palavicene, Horatio, 44.
Palmer, T., 5.
Parker, &c., 120.
Parminter, Catherine, 116.
Parr, Thomas, 81.
Parsons, Henry, 103.
Pattison, Susan, 142.
Payne, T., 159.
Paynter, J., 22.
Pearse, J. & J., 52.
Pemberton, Sir J., 54.
Penell, Edward, 112, 120.
Penell, W., 68.
Penshurst, 58.

Peterborough Cathedral, 40.
Petre, Thomasin, 48.
Pewsey, 156, 169.
Phillips, C. C., 152.
Phillips, Susanna, 174.
Phillips, T., 155.
Pierce, T., 80.
Pilton, 175.
Pinner, 67.
Plymouth, 159.
Pointz, Robert, 7.
Pottery, Elizabeth, 35.
Potterne, 146, 172.
Poyntz, Edward, 136.
Preston, R., 152.
Prince, Elizabeth, 110.
Prittwell, 113.
Puckering, Cicely, 84.
Pusey, 119.
Pye, Gamaliel, 44.
Pyndar, T. & E., 162.
Pytt, Dorothy, 77.

Rainham, 22.
Rainsford, Meneleb, 79.
Ramsay, James, 158.
Ramsbury, 2.
Randall, J., 140.
Randall, Katherine, 99.
Randall, Richard, 60.

Randolph, T., 82.
 Raper, H., 150.
 Rathbone, Charles, 158.
 Read, W., 11.
 Reed, J., 17.
 Refon, Ellen, 76.
 Reynell, Lady, 107.
 Reynell, R. & L., 80.
 Richards, Richard, 112.
 Richardson, Rev. R., 124.
 Rideout, William, 172.
 Ripon, 147, 150, 163, 167, 173.
 Rishangles, 43.
 Rivers, James, 93.
 Road, 69, 103.
 Roberts, Barne, 51.
 Robinson, J., 127.
 Roch, Robert, 182.
 Rogers, Rebecca, 132.
 Rolle, Denys, 89.
 Rongleigh, George, 183.
 Roope, J., 48.
 Rosewell, J., 132.
 Rosier, J., 114.
 Royfton, Sarah, 173.
 Ruddie, Sarah, 121.
 Rumbold, Stephen, 132.
 Ruffell, Rev. R., 109.
 Rutter, Bishop, 117.
 Rychards, J., 53.

Salisbury, 34, 168.
 Salter, Lady Mary, 56.
Saltford, 149.
 Sandys, Mary, 41.
 Savage, Robert & Christine, 11.
 Scallys, Lady, 16.
 Scarleit, R., 40.
Seaton, 181.
Selby Abbey, 166.
 Selby, Dorothy, 92.
 Sewell, Catherine, 19.
 Shakespeare, William, 60.
Sheffield, 166.
Shelford, Little, 2.
 Shepherd, Jane, 167.
 Shepherd, Sir James, 151.
Sherborne Abbey, 151.

Sherland, Edward, 50.
 Sherman, J., 61.
Shillingford, 16.
Shrewsbury, 158.
Shrowton, 172.
Sidbury, 61, 103.
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 34.
 Simpson, Jeremiah, 147.
 Skerne, —, 179.
 Skory, Elizabeth, 38.
 Skypwith, Richard, 6.
Slaugham, 18.
Slimbridge, 154.
 Smith, Isaac, 173.
 Smith, L., 45.
 Smyth, Sir J., 14.
 Smyth, John y^e, 4.
Snodland, 5.
Sobant, 94.
 Sommers, Joseph, 142.
 Sothertone, T., 47.
 Southcote, G., T. & M., 88.
 Southcott, Amias, 86.
 Southcott, G., 108.
South Hill, 118.
Southover, 1.
Southwark, S. Olave, 45.
 „ S. Saviour, 73.
 „ S. Thomas, 26.
 Spearing, J., 160.
 Spong, J., 155.
 Spycer, J., 9.
Stalbridge, 174.
Stanford, 141.
 Stanley, Sir T., 43.
 Staplehill, Gilbert, 88.
 Staples, W., 104.
 Starre, J., 181.
Staverton, 182.
 S. Alban's, 5, 7.
 S. Croft, 104.
 S. Decuman's, 40.
 S. Ender, 131.
 S. Erwan, 109.
 S. German's, 117.
 S. John, W., 2.
 S. Maur, Edward, 78.
 S. Maur, Laurence de, 2.

S. Winnion, 145.
Stephens, Edmund, 145.
Stepney, 24, 136, 139.
Stewart, J., 168.
Stock, Rev. R., 75.
Stockton, 35.
Stoke-in-Teignhead, 93.
Stoke S. NeChan, 47, 136, 148.
Stoke, South, 140.
Stoke, (Surrey), 177.
Stokenham, 99.
Stone, 12.
Stone, J., 61.
Stone, Sir W., 49.
Stoneham, North, 143, 160.
 " *South*, 72.
Stourton-Candel, 148.
Strange, Edward, 152.
Strange, Hamon de, 108.
Stratford-on-Avon, 60, 67, 102.
Strathmartin, 135.
Streatham, 15.
Stroud, 146.
Stydolf, J., 29.
Sutton, Anthony, 25.
Sutton, Sir W., 91.
Swift, Richard, 65.
Swimbridge, 114.

Tanfield, Sir L., 72.
Taplow, 11.
Taunton, 81.
Tawstock, 68, 99.
Taxton, Bishop's, 107.
Taylor, J. & B., 65.
Tear, Daniel, 172.
Tedburn, 53.
Teignton, King's, 125.
Tenby, 90.
Tesdale, Sufanna, 102.
Tetbury, 144.
Tewkesbury, 122, 176.
Thistleworth, 25.
Thornburgh, E., 41.
Thorndon, Alys, 7.
Thorpe, 32.
Thundridge, 113.
Thurston, 119.

Thwaites, Francis, 141.
Tichfield, 62.
Tiddefwell, 33.
Tilley, 2.
Tillingham, 71.
Tilly, Mary, 147.
Timperley, Nicholas, 114.
Tintagel, 142.
Tisbury, 36.
Tiverton, 7, 153.
Tong, 43.
Tooker, Mrs. Amy, 111.
Totnes, 85.
Trapp, Rev. Dr., 157.
Trappis, Robert, 20.
Travers, Mary, 56.
Truslowe, J., 38.
Tully, Richard, 150.
Tunstall, Bryan, 173.
Turur, T., 94.
Turvey, 53.
Tuffer, T., 30.
Tyer, Ralph, 74.
Tyrrell, Martha, 135.

Urfwyk, Christopher, 18.

Vange, 115.
Velley, Captain, 136.
Venard, Anne, 34.
Vernor, James, 159.
Vicary, Ludovicus, 117.
Vincent, Lady, 96.
Vincent, Nathaniel, 139.
Vine, J., 143.

Walker, Alice, 33.
Walker, T., 37.
Wally, J., 59.
Walrond, Sir W., 118.
Wallich, Sir T., 4.
Waltbam Abbey, 16.
 " *Great*, 44.
Walton, G., 119.
Walton, Izaac, 129.
Wanlep, 4.
Ward, Charles, 167.
Ward, Dr., 94.

- Ward, Miss Mary, 161.
 Warmington, G., 150.
Warwick, 28, 84.
 Waterhouse, Tobie, 70.
Waterperry, 50.
 Weare, R., 28.
 Wear Gifford, 71.
 Weles, J., 137.
Welton, 147.
 Wenman, R., 17.
 Wesley, Rev. Samuel, 154.
 West, Grifell, 141.
 West, William, 157.
 Westcott, Mary, 100.
West Down, 176.
Westminster Abbey, 67.
 " *S. Margaret*, 20, 149.
 Weston, R., 171.
 Whateley, William, 98.
 Wheffen, Susanna, 176.
 Wheeler, Hannah, 135.
Widdecombe in the Moor, 182.
 Whiddon, Mary, 93.
 White, R., 77.
 White, W., 119.
Whitnash, 133.
 Whittle, J. & Deborah, 148.
Whitwell, 70, 79, 122.
Wilbraham, Great, 161.
Wilby, 86.
 Wilcock, H., 148.
 Wilkinson, Wife of Dr., 109.
Willaston, Great, 81.
 Willett, Annabella, 170.
 Williams, D., 167.
 Williams, Rev. J., 121.
 Williams, T., 26.
Wilton, 33.
Winchester Cathedral, 129.
 Windham, J. & F., 40.
Windsor, 18, 169.
Wing, 99.
Wittenham, Little, 74.
 Wood, Elizabeth, 117.
 Wood, R. & J., 10.
Woodbridge, 170, 175.
Woodburst, 173.
Woolborough, 80, 107.
Wolford, Great, 140.
Wolverhampton, 152.
Wolverton, 157.
Worcester Cathedral, 46.
 " *S. Andrew*, 171.
Wrangle, 17.
Wraxhall, 182.
 Wyatt, Jane, 162.
 Wyfeman, T., 44.
 Yerbury, T., 162.
Toxford, 55.

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